

CAVALCADE

JULY 1945



Contents (Article)	4	Meaning (Article)	141
How With Margaret (Article)	21	Requiem For (Article)	149
Her Love (Article)	28	Requiem For (Article)	150
Her Love (Article)	28	How To Tell A Story (Article)	151
Requiem For (Article)	29	The Golden Rule (Article)	152
Requiem For (Article)	30	What Is (Article)	153
Requiem For (Article)	31	Adventure With (Article)	154
Requiem For (Article)	32	Requiem For (Article)	155
Requiem For (Article)	33	Requiem For (Article)	156
Requiem For (Article)	34	Requiem For (Article)	157
Requiem For (Article)	35	Requiem For (Article)	158

Life begins at 40,000

Many of us used to consider that at 40,000 miles a car was past its prime. . . . Actually 40,000 in the life of a well-maintained car can be just the beginning of an even longer period of service. . . . As any garage or service station can tell you—proper lubrication is the first step to *one-care!*

Take your car to your dealer regularly for a CALTEX motor oil change and MAFAP check-up lubrication. . . . Check up regularly on the little things before they become big troubles, and you can be a great deal more certain that your car will last for the duration.



CALTEX MOTOR OIL



CAVALCADE

Contents: August, 1945

ARTICLES

We've Had It	4
Carbena	(A Dull Place)
Musie with Margaret	6
Wild Ideas	(Is She Marrying Doreen?)
New Queen's Ghost	10
Reimbursement for Rats	(Can be Practical Inventions)
Malcolm's Wife	14
Millionsaire Maestro	(Ben-Ben Is Being Bothered)
Bookish Bookworms	19
Your Middle Age	(They Will Sink with the Ship)
Mayerling	22
Hang-over Host	(Is Important in Her Own Right)
See-going Gold	(He made Money, and Married It)
Saltire	30
The Joker's Case	(Doris did it Again)
	(Can Also be Dangerous)
	(A Royal Troopship)
	40
	(He Cures Bower's Remorse)
	75
	(With a Doubtful Market)
	79
	(How to Tell a Blunder)
	83
	(A Problem for Possibility)
	86

COMPLETE STORIES

What of Tomorrow?	by A. Housley	95
Adventure While Young	by Frank S. Gorman	102
The Decision of Sinner Peal	by Berry Lee	111
Soup for Supper	by Marvin Dwyer	118

ILLUSTRATED FEATURES

Bringing up Baby	by Mendoza	55-58
PHOTOGRAPHIC		55-62, 67-74
Your Post-war Home	by W. Watson Sharp	63-66
Putting the Boy to Work	by Lohm	91-93
CARTOONS		9, 13, 17, 18, 21, 25, 28, 33, 40-41, 45, 49, 50-51, 53, 77, 81, 83, 85, 89, 126



WE'VE HAD IT!

WE'VE HAD foreigners, in a manner of speaking — just had 'em.

• A Chinese vegetable vendor in Sydney was foot crushed when his cart was hit by a motor car and overturned; when he woke up he said, "My horse did not notice the red traffic lights."

• A Hindu in New York claims he has invented a machine capable of curing all ills. Instruction book said, "patients must first wash if lying in bed." Police confiscated the cure-all machine as "dangerous to public health."

WE'VE HAD reason to ponder, and we're still pondering.

• In the U.S.A. the tidy sum of 500 dollars has been left to a girl because she killed a man.

• In China steps are being taken to end concubinage and prostitution. The resolution also urges cohabitation and intermarriage between different racial groups.

WE'VE HAD some good, clean, innocent, but interventionist fun.

• A policeman pulled down a tramway overhead pole in Brisbane for a joke. Tram conductors refused to put it back. Sixty people in the tram were held up while they argued for half an hour.

• A soldier in Hyde Park, Sydney, saw a man taking a dip in the pool of remembrance. The man was naked. He came out and started to dress. Found his pants had been stolen, was taken to the Salvation Army hostel in a taxi.

WE'VE HAD animals in our particular line of news:

• In Free Back, Sydney, an angry bull roamed the streets, terrifying residents, mistaking all attempts to catch it by pound and police officers. Eventually it disappeared, leaving further on . . .

• A rodeo show held in Sydney was held to be cruel to the animals, but no convictions were entered, "guilty men" were discharged.

WE'VE HAD a lot of cross-talk about the birthrate.

• National Health Council said in Conference that more than a quarter of 2,000 pregnancies observed failed to result in normal births, results of abortions and various contraceptives were partly to blame.

• Advocacy of establishment of nine sterility clinics throughout Australia to aid increasing the birth rate was a feature of the Health Council's report.

• At Bundaberg, Queensland, after a baby had been born 13 days it was discovered to be a girl — not a boy, as the mother had believed ever since the birth. Hospital staff, too, was surprised.

WE'VE HAD odd notes from our scattered spies.

• In London, Rev. Trevor Lincoln said there is more Christianity in a saloon bar than in a church.

• In Mauritius the greatest outbreak of infantile paralysis in world history broke out — 700 cases in a week.

• A replanner of Europe has suggested from Sydney that German towns be rebuilt wide open and scattered so as to be vulnerable to air attack in a future war.

• A pony harnessed in a sulky found wandering near Sydney, was arrested — later a citizen informed the police his sulky had been stolen. They said they had it. He agreed it was his sulky — but it was not his own pony and harness!

• In occupied Germany girls who go down to a river to sunbath are detaching Allied bridge-builders. Girls remove their brooches and in only short pants do physical culture.

• In horsey-hunting France, cinema name the S.B.C. programme to which they listened during France's captivity, to prove that they were not collaborationists.

• In Manhattan, New York, a cafe caught fire customers stood up, formed a queue at the exit, paid their bills as they filed quietly out of danger.

THINK

WHEN Bunnaring power house went on strike a Glabe Sydney boy's life was threatened if electrical supplies to hospital failed.

The boy was in the iron lung — five minutes without electricity would have stopped it.

Every strike, no matter how justified, involves such costs: nobody has ever taken up the cudgels for them. But babies have been delivered by candle-light by overworked doctors.

In these no place in the organisation of strikes and other disorganised activities, which can be neutral for those whose mission is as important as saving human life!

Think what credit will go to the organizer in any dispute who takes such an all-important question seriously.



Canberra

Foundations with no buildings on them, perpetual housing shortage, lack of civilized things, are part of Australia's federal capital. So it needs brightening.



ON a Saturday afternoon not long ago a party of United States Congressmen arrived in Canberra on the last stage of a journey that had taken them over most of Australia.

They had seen big cities and bush towns, mountain factories and the battlefields of the North.

Before they went home they wanted to see the capital of the South-west Pacific which had been throwing its weight around in Washington during the last few weeks.

But the story they took back in Washington.

When they arrived the national capital was a deserted city. Parliament House was un-

inhabited and as silent as a mausoleum. Not a single Minister or Member of Parliament welcomed them, and an official of the House was called over to perform the courtesies.

Such a situation couldn't have arisen in any other capital in the world but Canberra, the Cinderella city, whose arrested development is now making even politicians self-conscious.

For Australia has a capital city which hasn't seen one restaurant at which a citizen can play host to visitors or friends.

If a would-be host taken his guests to one of the few hotels for dinner he might suffer the embarrassment of a last-minute refusal by the hotel manager.

The head of a Government department who took his wife to one hotel for dinner at the invitation of a distinguished visitor was reminded of the hotel's lack of outside guests, and was told that while he could go into the dining room, his wife could not.

The official booked his wife into a room and demanded service to a guest. It was an incredible thing for a capital city, you might say, but it happened.

Canberra's arrested development and its sentimental detachment from the rest of Australia have deprived it of cultural opportunities as well as ordinary amenities.

The capital doesn't possess a flesh and blood theatre, unless the big, barn-like, draughty Albert Hall can be called one.

How slowly the politicians have developed the ambitious plans they enthusiastically accepted for the national capital a quarter of a century ago is a prize story of back-pedding.

On a wall in the Department of the Interior, the rambling wooden building—which, like so much of Canberra, is officially designated "temporary"—there is a big map of the city as it would have been had the plans of its American architect, Griffin, been carried out.

The map shows a city built around an expensive artificial lake, with avenues of imposing public buildings, with space for

a university, for cathedrals and for cultural edifices. There is also allowance for a zoo.

Canberra is visualized as a truly planned city, not a haphazard patch aggregation of buildings such as may many other Australian cities.

In this quiet Monaro valley there were to be no slums. It was to be a place which Australians would be proud to advertise abroad.

Like most idealistic plans, this didn't work out.

Today, after £30,000,000 has been spent on Canberra, the city still conforms only to the basic essentials of the Griffin plan. The ambitious and expedient deviations from the original plans have never been fully corrected.

In nearly 20 years of their city's painful adolescence, Canberra people have watched houses gambolling over naked paddocks where Government buildings were planned to be.

They have always endured an acute housing shortage, and they've had high prices, food shortages, transport difficulties and lack of social amenities to contend with ever since, they came to pioneer this raw new city 18 years ago.

It used to be a standing joke that there are more foundation stones in Canberra with no buildings on them than in any other city in the world.

The foundation stones are

COVER GIRL

It is explanation or merely that best describes the glacial personality of Miss Marjorie Whitley? The descriptive word eluded us, but we think you'll agree that she possesses a very definite charm. Miss Whitley hails from Sydney, and adds brightness to a sober Government office. She is 5 ft 11 in. tall, weighs 8 stone, and gives her patients a reading and house-cleaning

still there. Some are boarded up against vandals who chipped off pieces of government. Some are overgrown with weeds.

Everybody who goes to Canberra is charmed by its beauty and lulled by its inconvenciences.

Ask a group of Canberra people what their greatest single inconvenience has been, and the answer of the majority will be: housing.

Not for many years have there been less than 400 applicants for houses on the books kept by that most important, much-interviewed Canberra official, the Housing Officer.

The waiting list today has got out of hand, but it is still said to have mounted to not less than 750—a high proportion in a community as compact as that of Canberra. Hundreds more

people have been house-hunting in the Capital for years and just don't bother to register because the prospect is hopeless, or because they are not public servants and therefore are not entitled to a Government-built house.

There is the story of a man who came to Canberra eighteen months ago to take a responsible war job.

He thought he'd have his family up from Melbourne into a new house in a matter of weeks, but weeks drifted into months and the house was as far off as ever.

He was ordered out of his Government-controlled hotel because the Parliamentary session was about to start and his room was needed by a Member.

Other hotels would not take him in because they, too, were crowded with national visitors.

He spent days travelling around Canberra's circuitous bus routes interviewing boarding-house keepers. They all had lodgers sleeping in halls, sitting rooms or garages.

For months he lived precariously occupying hotel beds when the House wasn't sitting, and boarding-house beds when their permanent owners were away from Canberra on official jobs.

Finally, he got down to sleeping on a stretcher in a boarding-house bathroom.

He gave up when, with the arrival of a big diplomatic con-

tingent, the Government, with its own means of finding out about pending vacancies, took over houses from which people were scheduled to move.

The truth behind these amusing stories is that Canberra has not grown in pace with its population.

Politicians and officials have always been so busy in Canberra making plans for the rest of Australia that they have never given much thought to Canberra's own needs.

There is an almost indecent haste by politicians to catch the 4.15 train out of Canberra on the Fridays the House is sitting.

Between sessions most members are never seen in Canberra at all. Few ever stay in the capital a minute longer than they can help, and only a bare handful have ever made their homes there.

At present, apart from the Prime Minister, Mr. Curtin, who, incidentally, is one of Canberra's warmest advocates, only two Ministers and one member have homes in the capital.

Only in the last three or four years have Cabinet meetings been held in Canberra as a matter of practice.

Canberra deserves more than politicians have given it.

In 18 years since the Federal Parliament went to Canberra from Melbourne, the trees have grown high enough to hide some of the capital's deficiencies.

Canberra, so one of the focal points in the Pacific war, has achieved international status.

But it needs rapid and imaginative development in the future to make it represent to Australians something of what Washington represents to the United States.



"We are gathered here to tell you about that profane little fellow, the car."

Music with Margaret

An Allied broadcast to entertain and propagandize among soldiers was put over by a husky-colored lady who, correspondents guessed, had the legs of Dietrich.



A BROKEN wrist gave the world a chance to see its most beautiful pair of legs—and the fame of these legs gave the Allies one of their eleventh-hour propaganda knockouts.

That sounds rather sensational, yet it is the simple chain of cause-and-effect which lies behind the programme which was heard in Berlin under the title "Music with Margaret." It was broadcast by courtesy of the Allies, and it was a strictly commercial episode: a session in which the sponsors sold disaster to armies of the already bomb-shattered Nazis.

Margaret was anonymous for many weeks. Or rather, Margaret was her non-de-guerre.

An American stranger introduced her, and in her charmingly husky voice she put over a programme of entertainment—but it was entertainment the Allies' way.

Margaret sprinkled her mystery session with little stories, of which this is one:

"Hitler and Goering, seeing the game was up, prepared to escape, and disguised themselves for the purpose. The Fuchers was an aged man with a beard; Goering was a stout lady.

"To test their disguises they went into a cafe and ordered beer.

"*'Ja, mein Fuchser,'* said the barmaid when the old man ordered.

"She knows you," whispered Goering; let me try."

"When he spoke to the barmaid she answered, *'Ja, Reichs-marshall.'*

"Hitler and Goering were discouraged by their failure. They called the barmaid into a corner and asked how she penetrated their disguises.

"*'Shh! I'm Gottfuchs!'* said the girl."

That was a sample of Margaret's "entertainment" to the battered Germans—the powerful weapon of ridicule, in a throaty, fascinating voice.

And the personality behind—? For weeks the Allied correspondents who heard the broadcasts tried to remember where they had heard that voice. Then one of them remembered; then many of them were sure, even though their certainty received no official confirmation.

It was the voice they had heard again and again on the talkies—the voice that went with the most beautiful legs, and some of the cleverest entertainment acting out of Hollywood—the voice and legs of Marlene Dietrich.

Enter Sherlock Holmes. My dear Watson, it is elementary that if Marlene Dietrich is Margaret, we can first of all check on the whereabouts of Marlene herself. When was the last heard of?

Well, everybody knows, Holmes, that she went to North Africa in uniform, to entertain the troops. She went to Italy to entertain the troops. She went to France—

Ah, Watson. She went to France?

Yes, Master—to entertain the troops.

And did she entertain the troops, my dear Watson?

It was reported, Holmes, that she entertained them—in bars, in tents, even in the open air.

It was reported—by whom? demands the penetrating mind.

Watson shrugs.

You see, Watson, many an error is made because we do not know who is responsible—in such cases nobody is responsible. But you are slow today, Watson. Does this report say which troops she is entertaining?

Ah, you have pierced the cloud again, Holmes! You mean she may be entertaining—every troop?

Exactly, my dear Watson.

And that is the way the Allied correspondents worked it. Because they knew a little—but just enough—of that mysterious organization which conducts "psychological warfare."

It is an official, highly-organized, skilled-staffed arm of the American fighting forces. It fights with words and music. Its parrot divisions are transmitters and microphones. Its casualties

A LADY, having dined with her husband at a restaurant, was going out with him when she missed her gloves.

She returned to get them, but they were not on the table. She lifted the tablecloth and was looking on the floor under the table when a waiter said, "Pardon me, madam, but the gentleman is over there by the door."

The lady went in a hurry, without her gloves.

are in the minds and morale of the enemy.

Goebbels, before he was disguised as a hermit, used the same idea rather crudely, under the blunt Teutonic title, "War of nerves."

Near is a psychological hint Marlene Dietrich, Americanized daughter of a Prussian, is a very logical choice for the personality of Margaret, for this one leading reason—that, though she has become American, and though she is a loyal Ally, she was born with the mind of a German; she was educated in Germany; and therefore she, of all people, should understand, and does understand, the outlook of the German people.

More, she knows how the Germans react in trouble—for Marlene was a girl in Berlin during the revolution which

followed the last war. Then, as the seventeen-year old Franklin Loeb, she was preparing to study at the Hochschule fuer Musik, for her family had a musical career mapped out for her.

She was born in Weimar, hometown of Goethe the German national poet; and her earliest environment was that of the Prussian at war, her father coming from a noble Prussian family, being Edmund von Loeb, First Lieutenant of the tradition-esteemed Potsdam Regiment of Grenadiers.

The impetuosity of her earliest childhood were those of military tradition in a good-class home; it was at the loss of fighting officers of the last war that she stood as a girl. And it was in the frenzied post-war Berlin days, as a student robbed of the comfortable home atmosphere, that she learned the emptiness of the Prussian megalomania.

Take all these ingredients, with the intimate understanding of every stratum of the German mind that they gave her—and who more suitable to be Margaret than this disillusioned daughter of a devoted Prussian home?

But to become Helmut-like again, what led this girl from the heart of German tradition to become a loyal American?

The answer lies in the already

mentioned accident—a broken wrist. It was her left wrist; but its weakness left her knowing that she could never become a famous violinist, for the wrist would never hold the instrument and allow the free fingering she had tried to cultivate.

But the stage was now in her blood, and she turned from the career denied her to the next best thing. She said farewell to the Hochschule fuer Musik, and enrolled for stage tuition under one of Europe's most famous theatrical producers, Max Reinhardt.

The fact alone that he took her in as a student was a guarantee that she had a future; a hit-part in *The Taming of the Shrew* (the German Reinhardt was a great authority on playing the English Shakespeare) confirmed the producer's judgment. Marlene quickly hit the front with UFA, the famous German studio, where she worked as an extra until her

success in *The Great Dictator*.

Marriage made her Madame Seiber, her husband Rudolf was an assistant director at UFA; after that she had an invitation to Vienna—and following the birth of her daughter Maria, in 1925 she received an offer from the all-seeing Hollywood.

Long ago she became an American, and that was a change of heart as well as identity papers. So important can be a broken wrist.

The question of why Marlene Dietrich would do this will rankle in many minds.

Perhaps a clue lies in the arrest of Marlene's sister by the Americans while Berlin itself was falling. But in her heart she knows what she many times told the troops she entertained—that the secret of living lies with the democratic principles which she absorbed while she worked for twenty years in the United States.



Wild Ideas

Now we are winning a war with amphibious vehicles we no longer laugh at the car which runs on air, or the triphibian, which will go well on land, sea or air.



SIR ELLIOTT VERDON-ROE says that by 1938 there will be engineless and propellerless planes gliding through the stratosphere at 1000 miles an hour.

That is a startling prophecy, one that might be smiled at as the dream of a modern Verne—but for the fact that in 1910 the same man foretold the possibilities of trans-Atlantic air service "in the not far distant future."

It is not easy to realize now that planes are shuttling across the world's widest oceans in record time, that 35 years ago the dream was almost laughable, for the plane was still a freak invention. Yet that was so; and

the suggestion that Mr. and Mrs. Everybody will rocket through the air in thirteen years is one we meet with an open mind—especially because science has taught us that anything is possible.

Then we think of Frank B. Perry. Frank is an American who has recently announced his great discovery—an automobile which runs on air, petrol rationing or not.

It sounds like wishful thinking, but Perry has made a car that does it, and though the thing is untried on a commercial basis, it is no more strange than many other wild ideas that have come good.

The Perrymobile, as Frank

calls it, is a combination of steamer and compressed air power. The motive power is a secret liquid which vaporizes at a much lower temperature than water, and compressed air which serves as an over-ready starting and reserve source of power.

Actually, therefore, the inventor's claim that it "runs on air" is only partly right, but the points as to why it should be used include cheapness, inexhaustible fuel supply, no initial fuel costs, and so on. Of course it has, in addition, to prove equality with the present engine before people will turn to it; it has to prove superiority before it undercuts Henry Ford's product.

It may never actually do these things—but the big point is that, where a few years ago Perry would have been written off as crazy, today many people are prepared to admit that he may have something.

The fact that the Perrymobile looks like an antiquated Ford means little; if the idea is worth it the circumstances will soon make it into a thing of beauty, even as they have done in a decade or so with the car you now are proud to own.

Again, a Canadian announces that he has perfected a three-way vehicle; one that will travel in land, sea or air. This is called an *amobile*.

Beno Charrette of Ottawa is the inventor. He worked for

ten years on his design, and he regards the finished product as the ideal personal plane.

Charrette started when the first talk of personal planes drifted abroad. He tried to eliminate many of the difficulties that might confront the private flyer with the normal aircraft: difficulties such as extremes of speed, landing and taking off, and so on.

He aimed at a plane the owner's wife could drive—and finished with his three-way vehicle.

Some of the features he claims for it are almost too good to be true. It can carry five passengers, be converted to road use, become a ski plane for Canadian winters, or a seaplane for the oceanically-minded. Its cruising speed is 80 miles an hour. It can be built, the inventor estimates, to sell for \$300 to \$500, for less if plastics are used in its construction.

Now the very suggestion of a vehicle designed for land, sea or air would have sounded crazy not long ago. Why do we stop and take Charrette's idea as possible? Mainly because in the Pacific in the last two years we have seen vehicles which can be either land or water vehicles—and we have seen them not as freaks, but as military successes, winning for us the island-island war against Japan.

Seeing two-way vehicles doing this kind of thing in large

Mystery

I bought the gun and wherby at
The Deified Arms—in case of
fun.

The sharp, I am also sure
Was later bought at Jock's first.

Three pounds of coal about I
Obtained from Olin's Fish
Supply.

For when the blow I got
This large and very new black
gun.

—T.W.N.

numbers, makes one realize that the three-way combination suggested by Charlotte is quite a possibility.

Thus we learn not to laugh—as they laughed a bare century ago at the suggestions which are common today. After all, they refused to back Edison when he wanted to light a town with electricity; they refused to believe that the motor car could be made safe for common use; they thought Elsie's was crazy for wasting his time with a flying-machine, and they said as much.

Yet they did not laugh when Jules Verne introduced into his books all these, and other notions. Verne had the inter-planetary rocket; he suggested going round the world in 80 days; he foretold the submarine; but he did not treat these things

seriously—they were simply weird ideas evolved for entertainment.

Yet it was by taking Verne's book about submarines seriously that Simon Lake was interested in the subject; and when Lake finally produced an ocean-going submarine that could be safely used, Verne, aghast at seeing one of his fantasies become reality, personally cabled his congratulations to the American.

Since then many another fantasy of the great writer's has come to pass—and War Invention Boards always take the Lakeside attitude of considering fantastic suggestions seriously. Thus they have taken many a queer-sounding scheme and built it into one of the facts of war.

For that reason one is interested in the capture at Hilsenbrun, Germany, of a testing pond where Germany was trying out secret weapons.

Here was seen the experimental giant howitzer with a 380 millimetre bore—a barrel almost as wide as long.

Here was a bayonet-cork-across bottle-opener contraption which had no obvious use unless for attacking the wine-bottles of captured cellars.

And here was found a great mystery-machine weighing 100 tons, standing on four 9-foot-high wheels, furnished with two drivers' seats twelve feet above the ground.

This queer vehicle is topped

with a deck which is flat and fitted with bolts, to which something—but it is hard to say what—could be attached. Its double belly has two compartments, each fitted with wires and electrical equipment.

What is it?

From this bold description one is inclined to smile—yet one knows that the German army would not have gone so far in the construction of anything

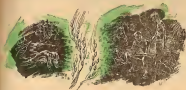
which was designed to raise a smile.

And harking back to other inventions of a more peaceful nature, one feels that, though they herald a fantastic future, they are too serious to smile at; for the prophetic words of Verdon-Roe, which came true before, may easily come true again; and our children's world may be as different from ours as this war was from the last.



New Guinea Ghost

Post-war Australian fortunes may lie in New Guinea and other islands. Latest ghost-baying is successful treatment of the dreaded disease, beri-beri.



THE richness of New Guinea is wrapped up with the future of Australia. Whatever the San Francisco Conference may decide about the role of the Commonwealth in overseeing other Pacific islands, our post-war mandate of New Guinea still stands, and with it greater promise of progress in the future than in the past, and with less dangers from tropical troubles which haunted earlier work on "the Green Island."

Some say that in New Guinea we missed a golden opportunity in the past. But we must remember that only the forced progress of war has made many parts of the territory accessible to us. Roads, airstrips, and

general knowledge of the country has advanced and made it possible to go safely in future where only a handful of pioneer patrol officers went in the past.

We have laid those grim ghosts of disease which in the past haunted the jungles. The conquest of malaria is an old story—but the fight against beri-beri is new—and beri-beri was almost as great a deterrent against plunging into New Guinea a few years ago as was fever.

It is not many years since the young New Guinean pioneer Jack Hides died after he returned to Australia. Beri-beri caused his death: it was contracted while he plunged into



"The next fifteen minutes will be free from any commercial announcement or recorded music. This silence session is brought to you through the courtesy of the Mack-Tite Mattress Company."

Consolation

*You assure that you'll be gone soon
And ended it with a lie.
And there-oh, hell! To think that you
Have played me like this!*

*Self says this can have their end
For after all, my dear,
You've given me a grand reason
For going on like this!*

—T.W.N.

the, then unknown fastnesses of the jungle.

It was only at that time that beri-beri was regarded as almost incurable. Today, still under the aegis of warfare, medical science has found the answer to beri-beri. This answer may well be a deciding factor in how much we can do with post-war New Guinea.

The cure in a word is this: *vitamin*, more commonly referred to as the B-1 vitamin. It has been established as both a cure and a preventive for beri-beri.

It is strange, but true, that the early work on beri-beri cure was done by Dr. Robert R. Williams of the Bell Telephone Laboratories. What telephone have to do with it appears obscure until it is disclosed that Dr. Williams was in the Philippine Islands in 1910, and there began his interest in the disease.

Back as far as 1884 Surgeon

General of the Japanese Navy, Takaki, had recognized beri-beri as owing its origin to poor diet; Takaki knew little about vitamins, but did experiment with diet, and by changing diet managed almost to wipe out beri-beri from the Japanese Navy.

There is wisdom in the unpolished rice which the Japs have used to feed his men—it contains channin, and thus the crude-quadrant diet is, itself, a beri-beri preventive. The vitamin is lost as rice is polished; and those who use polished rice do not get any anti-beri-beri benefit from it.

American prisoners rescued from the Cabanatuan prison camp included many beri-beri sufferers. They were relieved very quickly by large doses of thiamin, and a special diet.

Improvements often came in a matter of hours after treat-

ment started, but in some cases the disease was so deep-seated that considerable skill in nursing was necessary.

A disease which results from nutritional deficiency sounds comparatively simple; but beri-beri can and does strike at man's very vitals.

Earliest signs are anorexia, muscle weakness, and wasting—the basic trouble seeming to be under-nourished nerves. Very soon, however, beri-beri proceeds to a more alarming stage. The sufferer cannot co-ordinate his actions; he seems to suffer with a palsy; then he finds that his normal sensation-reactions are failing—the starved nerves are weakening so that they cannot do their job. Then the vital organs of the body begin to deteriorate; dropsy may set in; the heart becomes diseased.

Finally the beri-beri sufferer has difficulty in breathing; he feels pain around his heart; his skin goes bluish, his pulse begins to pound.

This was, not very long ago, usually a fatal disease.

Today, the understanding that it is a vitamin-starvation of the nerves, has banished this ghost of the tropics. The use of thiamin, plus whatever medical activity is necessary to cope with actual organic deterioration, has robbed beri-beri of its threat.

The prisoners of war from Cabanatuan have benefited by the treatment, and when in the after-war, New Guinea is awaiting development, the spectre of beri-beri will no longer deter the venture.

Thus we may, now, get something of the inheritance which was due to us after the last war.



Retribution for Rats

An actor who once played at Sydney Criterion became the radio villain of Nazi propaganda; with the son of an eminent Briton and other renegades, his villainy failed.



As the Killer in the thriller play *Seven Keys to Baldpate*, Edward Leopold Delaney played villainy for audiences at the Sydney Criterion in 1933. He was a member of Josephine Cohan's company.

Almost 10 years later he became the villain of a broadcast drama—as a member of Josef Goebbels' infamous propaganda company, Berlin.

Sometimes known as E. D. Ward, Illinois-born Delaney had been actor, playwright and novelist before he worked for the Nazis.

His particular venom was vicious attacks on the late President Roosevelt and Washington politicians generally.

Delaney was not always a soloist. He did double duty with an ex-teacher from New York—Otto Kolchewitz, another renegade whose sociality was taking dirty cracks at the American press.

"What is the L.Q. of P.M.F." was a sample of his own L.Q.

Kolchewitz was known under several names on the Berlin shortwave radio: Dr. Anders; "O.K."—his own initials—and as a member of the team of "Fritz and Fred, the Friendly Quarrelers."

Delaney and Kolchewitz were only two of a long list of people who, having achieved more or less fame at home, reached the worst type of no-

toricity when they became active against their homelands. The "Fred" who teamed with Kolchewitz was another of this bunch. He was Frederick William Kaltenbach, the son of a butcher in Waterloo, Iowa, who, in 1936, went to Berlin to study for his Ph.D. degree. He married Dorothea Peters, who was attached to Goering's aviation magazine, and he afterwards signed up with the Nazi propaganda bureau.

Kaltenbach's employers paid his fare to America in 1939 when he returned to visit his dying father. He gave a lecture at the request of his fellow Germans, acting his pro-Nazi views so blatantly that a couple of local residents asked: "H you like it so much, why don't you go back there and stay?"

"I am going back," said Kaltenbach. He kept his word, and rejoiced over the German radio at the prospect of bombs falling on Britain, gloated over U-boat kills.

"Every German U-boat bears the number K-9. Conna. Cet. Con have nice lives . . ." was his contribution to the hot air.

Lesser known in Australia but frequently heard in her own country, was Constance Doreal, German-born, but a naturalized American. She deserted Philadelphia for Germany, profaning admiration for Goebbels, whom she called "a great patron of art."

Charles Fleck, co-newspaperman, was first based from Europe, and then from Shanghai in 1941. . . . Jane Anderson (sister of music critic Deems Taylor), well known as a cause upholder, there in her lot with the Axis. . . . Clergyman's son, Robert Best, who fought in the last war, returned to Europe in 1921 as a journalist. He, too, joined the Nazis.

Better known was Ezra Pound, besetted American expatriate, who left his native Idaho in 1911. He described the United States as cultural backwoods, but returned once—in 1939—before commencing regular broadcasts on Rome Radio. Pound was the only American assisting Italian propaganda. In his absence, he had been sentenced to death by a U.S. tribunal, though he was not arrested until the day of Germany's surrender.

Italian partisans captured British traitor John Amery, and handed him over to British Forces. Son of the British Secretary for India, L. S. Amery, the traitor was living in the south of France when the Nazis overran it. He joined with William Joyce, better known as "Lord Haw-Haw," in bitter attacks on the Allies. These he broadcast from Hamburg.

The treachery was a bitter blow to his father, who had for many years served his country faithfully.

Lord Haw-Haw received the bulk of the publicity directed at British and American born traitors.

He was born in New York of Irish-Yorkshire parents, but returned to England as a child, and was educated at London University. In 1933, he joined Sir Oswald Mosley as director of British Fascist propaganda. Four years later, he was expelled from that movement.

Photographs of Joyce show a scar extending from the corner of his mouth to his right ear—a memento of a razor slash he received in a brawl during this period.

Though officially identified as William Joyce within the first year of war, Lord Haw-Haw did not disclose his identity until after his father's death in 1941.

Joyce, senior, was bombed out of his London home and died two weeks later. Two of

his other sons had been arrested and interned.

Lord Haw-Haw achieved fame because his English intonation considered his line of propaganda was rather good. He had songs, verses and gags written around him, and even in the worst of the blitz, a comedian was sure of a laugh by the mention of Lord Haw-Haw.

When Joyce returned to the Australians in the Middle East as the "Rats of Tobruk," he did not anticipate that the Diggers would adopt the phrase as a mark of honour. The men who held Tobruk are proud of their title.

For months before and after the entry of the United States into the war, these people were star performers on short wave. Now, they are stars among the war criminals; and they have high priority there.

Explanation Satisfactory

He was only a worker in the CCC, but he was a good bloke with no inclination to sinning, and as time he died. Finding himself at the heavenly gates he was gratified to think that, though humble, his goodness had not been overlooked.

But he was more than disappointed when he was led on to a little side door and told that the hindrance occurred because the streets were being repaired and the gates polished for an Archbishop who was at that very moment breathing his last.

He babbled over: "Is this equality? Is this democracy?" he demanded. "I know I'm humble, but I've been good. I'm good enough to get in—I thought that we were all equal here."

His guardian angel put a finger to his lips. "Shh!" he said. "We know you're good, and we're mighty glad to have you here; but we haven't had an Archbishop for over five hundred years!"



"Never mind Hollywood . . . just take me back to King's Cross if you don't mind."

Molotov's Wife

No Soviet wives are well known; but less energetic careers Madame Molotov than any other. All the same, it is almost impossible to tell her energetic life story.



WHILE M. Molotov was living and getting hot at San Francisco on the question of the sixteen Polish prisoners, his wife was at home directing all the cosmetic manufactures of the Soviet Union.

Madame Molotov, almost unknown to the world, is still better known than any other Soviet woman administrator. As Edgar Snow said once, of the U.S.S.R., *Outside China, this is the most exclusively male government in the world.*

This is a strange paradox, for Russia has more working women and more administrative women than any other nation. In Sovietland there is pretty well no distinction between the

man, except that the women still bear the babies.

Women, as well as men, have been soldiers in the war. Women have carried out important work in experimental medicine, including anti-typhus tests. Women have ploughed fields and driven trams.

In administration, the wife of General Rokossovski is head of one of the women's councils for and to Red Army families. Maria Kosogorova is a coal-mining director.

And Madame Molotov, the only wife of a political boss in Russia to have achieved any kind of fame, is the Commissar in charge of 17 factories which turn out all the beautification

needed by the rest of Soviet womanhood. But, even if they do fire machine-guns, run coal mines, and break horses, Russian women keep their feminine charm in the same way as the English and Australian women—they use the cosmetic arts, and their Government helps them.

Olga Molotov was born Zhenzhuzhina, and was, prior to her taking over cosmetic factories, the People's Commissar for Fish. There she showed a genius for organization which served the gastronomic needs of her people well indeed. In addition to this organizational ability, she is a highly educated—a cultured—woman. She is also an outstanding beauty.

With these qualities she might have become an outstanding advertisement for her homeland; but the Russian policy of keeping the womenfolk out of the limelight applies to her, too, even though Vyacheslav Mikhaïlovitch, her husband, is one of the oldest of the Bolsheviks and one of the top men of the nation. He was also, and incidentally, president of the body to which his wife belongs—President of the Peoples' Commissars of the Soviet Union. Those who followed his career in that post until he relinquished it in 1938 to follow Litvinov as Commissar of Foreign Affairs, say that the beautiful Olga married her boss while she was on

the Council in her fish industry job—at all events, she did not become a Commissar because of her husband.

She even most of her English-language publicity to Joseph Davies and his enlightening book *Moscow is Moscow*—not that he actually says much about the lady, except that he dined with her at least twice, and she and Mrs. Davies became friendly. When *Moscow is Moscow* was filmed, Madame Molotov played quite an important part on the screen—but little authentic information about her could be learned from this, simply because the producers didn't know, and just did what Davies told them.

Edgar Snow wrote: "No British or American diplomat has even been invited to the home of any one of them (i.e., the Politburo members), except Molotov, whose job it is as Foreign Minister to entertain them."

"Also, only Molotov's wife appears at public receptions. Women are not invited to State banquets Stalin gives for visiting brass-bats."

Molotov is, of course, not the real name of this interesting couple, any more than Stalin is the birthname of the Marshal.

In the days of planning for revolution—Molotov was a Bolshevik as far back as 1907 when he was only 17 years old—many of the most ardent Bolsheviks

The Discouragement of a Literary Pioneer

Writing to turn my pen to something new
I won the fields of interest and I knew
That really journal of Affairs,
That long career deserves they call the pen
I ponder on this subject—at last
My pen and ink, fresh along that way and fare
Until I find that to her hand and center
The female of the species were to a living space and with no
material feeling. No pen is good pen

took symbolical names. Dzhughrevil took the symbolic name Stalin, Russian for steel. Vyatcheslav Mikhaïlovitch Skryabin took the name Molotov, which as an ordinary Russian word means "of the hammer." It had to do with his being a hard-hitter, which he was, first as a political writer; then as one of the party leaders.

In search of something more about his wife, CAVALCADE spoke with the Australian representative of the Soviet Tass Newsagency. For a journalist from Moscow, he knew little of Madame. But he had seen her, and described her as not small, but of medium build, pretty, of a happy disposition, sociable and very energetic—a real big wire.

In short, exactly the kind of wife one would expect for a man who identified his activities with hammers.

Skryabin alias Molotov was

born in 1890 at Kulkardi in the government of Vyatka; the date and birthplace of his wife are both off the record as far as CAVALCADE is concerned; but Tass tells us that she does not look at all oldish.

In Russia Madame Molotov gets into the press only when news of the cosmetics industry makes it necessary to mention her. She has probably had less of a press in her native Russia all her life than she had in the U.S.A. during a brief visit in 1936, when she really did a very important thing.

The American newspapers began to follow her up, and gave her what space she would let them—but she had no inclination to take advantage of their curiosity. One of her mentions was as being among the audiences at a five-day marionette parade in New York, but through these and other descrip-

tive debts came out, practically no light was thrown upon the woman herself.

What was interesting and important about the New York trip was the impression the country made on Madame.

She formed the very highest opinion of the States, and on her return she told her feelings to Molotov himself. Snow and others have committed themselves to the statement that she was able to influence the Foreign Minister in favour of America—and just how much she may play behind the scenes in contributing to the good-will of the two countries is any body's guess.

Madame Molotov gets more publicity than most Russian official women—and she gets approximately none. But the

publicity blackout does not rest simply upon the women: Stalin himself has rarely been seen by the ever-curious foreign correspondents who live in Moscow; the famous Snow, working for the *Saturday Evening Post*, saw the marshal only once and said that no American correspondent had ever interviewed him.

So tight-lipped are the Soviet about their famous folk; and perhaps because they have no opportunity to vie for publicity, relationships between the great Russians are cordial. Madame Molotov's daughter is a University student who is personally friendly and spends holidays with Stalin's daughter, and there is no competition to see who gets the social page picture. So, by her small publicity, Madame Molotov is unique.



"Grouper feet."

Millionaire Maestro

Foreign-born, naturalized Stokowski is a showman who has sold world classics in music to all classes, and who has made his money at it—before marrying money.



FEW orchestral conductors have managed to keep in the limelight for as long—and as successfully—as 63-year-old Leopold Anton Stanislaw Stokowski.

Recently he married youthful millionairess Gloria Vanderbilt, shortly after her divorce. Thus he added luster to the legend that professionally and personally, he places the accent on youth.

London-born son of a Polish father and Irish mother, educated at Cambridge, Stokowski has spent most of his life in America. First he was organist of New York's St. Bartholomew's Church. In 1909, he took over the Cincinnati Orches-

tra. Even then he was a showman, for he introduced an all-American program; he also lectured his audiences on their bad manners; and finally quarrelled with his directors and moved to Philadelphia.

The Philadelphia Orchestra of those days was second-rate. Stokowski built it up, partly by showmanship—even then he didn't use a score for concerts (a practice which has now become universal amongst orchestral conductors). He discarded a baton, and used his hands; he tried out different lighting combinations.

And whatever he did, he kept in the news.

Stokowski was the first

prominent conductor to make recordings . . . he was also one of the earlier converts to the radio. This had unexpected results when he took part in Disney's *Fantasia*. Stokowski had been so interested in broadcasting, studied it so intensively, that with this film he was able to introduce an improved sound system into talkie theatres.

Again, when most of his contemporaries were combing Europe for talent for their orchestras, Stokowski was discovering that Americans could do the job as well, given the chance. He stood by homegrown composers and modern music—even unto boogie-woogie.

New York Philharmonic conductor Artur Rodzinski (Warsaw Opera lost him to the Philadelphia as Stokowski's assistant) led with his chin, stating that boogie-woogie was "the greatest contributing factor to juvenile delinquency and war degeneracy among American youth."

Stokowski sided with boogie-woogie, referring to it as part of America's "folk music," and cutting the ground from under Rodzinski by referring to foreigners who "do not seem to understand how rich the United States is in folk music."

The fact that such a remark was newsworthy was purely accidental.

Always the maestro had his own way. In 1916 he staged

the first American performance of Gustav Mahler's enormous Eighth Symphony, which called for an augmented orchestra as well as a chorus of over 1,000 voices. Philadelphia Orchestra directors considered the cost too great, but Stokowski won. He staged the Symphony in both New York and Philadelphia, making it not only a financial success, but an artistic triumph for his orchestra.

He gave the first American performances of Shostakovich's First, Fifth and Sixth Symphonies. Music by Scriabin, Stravinsky, Rachmaninoff and others had first American performances by Stokowski. So did American composers, whose work he championed and performed.

Almost ten years ago, Stokowski demanded a South American tour. His directors balked at the probable cost and decided it wasn't worth the risk.

For four years, he bided his time. In 1940, with his first Youth Orchestra—licked into shape in two weeks, and comprising one hundred youngsters under twenty-five—the maestro went on his long-delayed tour.

Admittedly, some of the players were veterans of experience in the Philadelphia, but they were still within the age limit. The tour was a success—even the final concert on his own stamping ground at Philadelphia was a sensation.

Critics lashed themselves into furies of praise—called him one of the greatest conductors of all time. People who should know estimate that Stokowski has earned more money than any other conductor of his time—perhaps more than any other conductor in history. His 29 years in Philadelphia raked in almost three million dollars from conducting, recording and radio. It is estimated that in 1932 alone, he earned two hundred thousand dollars.

When one considers his film work, this sum isn't as fantastic as it sounds. The glamour boy of music broke into the films in the *Big Broadcast* of 1937. His spotlighted hands in the Bach sequences of that film brought down much adverse criticism on his silvered head.

His salary on various contracts has never been miserly. Arturo Toscanini was once the lover by which Stokowski got a little more money. He claimed that Toscanini was being better paid . . . and Stokowski's contract of 72,000 dollars annually for 90 concerts was upped to 110,000 dollars (then £22,000)—for 55 concerts.

But he denies that this is greed, claiming that film stars and big sporting names make money because they are popular entertainers—and that he is in the class.

His charities are said to be generous. Many children's

youth and benefit concerts have profited by his presence, and his latest benefaction was to offer his services, gratis, to the New York City Orchestra.

Stokowski recordings are playing daily on Australian radio stations. There are some who dislike his slick, streamlined technique, claiming that he streamlines it a thought too much—but his popularity is undoubted.

Not only has he lectured his audiences on their behavior, he insists the same penalty on his orchestra—certainly to "put them into the right mood for the music."

Always the stormy petrel, the controversy that arose over the Mahler Symphony was nothing compared to the protest when Stokowski gave a performance of the Schoenberg piano concert.

That, in turn, paled beside the uproar heralding the same composer's violin concert. The directors of the orchestra were so set against its performance that they declined to pay the royalties. Stokowski paid them himself! Some of the subscribers rose, and ostentatiously walked out during the performance. Those who remained hissed and booed, or were stunned with the noise.

Stokowski grasped at the chance to make another speech, asking his audience to give the new composition a chance.



"You been using them for a rainy day . . . ?"

The affair kept him in the news. It made music news.

A couple of years ago, he kept movie addicts on the jump, making a "Yasha-will-or-he-won't" journey through Europe with Greta. Soon afterwards he returned to the States and tried the movies himself.

Even on the occasion of his marriage to Gloria Vanderbilt "Yasha" tactics were turned into good publicity until the wedding announcement was finally made.

Stokowski, exhibitionist — eccentric — showman — a tall a top-flight conductor. The Phila-

delphia Orchestra owes its reputation to his skill, for, though he left it finally in 1941, the name of Stokowski is still synonymous with the Philadelphia Orchestra — which the late composer Rachmaninoff termed "the Stradivarius of orchestras."

Now, Stokowski shares the limelight with Toscanini. His marriage into one of the best-known American families is presumably not for money. He has earned a pretty penny himself since the days when he delighted the fashionable congregation with his music when he made his debut as a church organist.



Puzzing Sentences

Some men talk like a watch which ticks away the minutes but never strikes the hour.

More people should learn to tell their money where to go instead of asking it where it went.

Men and women agree at least on this: they don't trust women.

Many a woman can keep a secret: it's the person she tells in confidence that does the talking.

Many a glamorous girl has found that the bird in the gilded cage sooner or later runs or soars.

Recessing is a way of spending money without having any fun.

A flirt is a woman who believes in every man for herself.

And then, there are the doctors who take life very study.

Maybe the old-time doctor didn't know; but, then, he didn't charge you a dollar for sending you somebody who did.

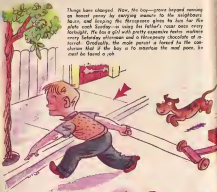
A clever man is one who makes hay with the grass that grows under other men's feet.

PUTTING THE BOY TO WORK



Comes a time in the life of every father when he is compelled to acknowledge the fact that his heir is no longer a baby. The advertisement of top hat no longer echoes through the house as the little one wanders from room to room, and when his little toy soldier goes to the happy realm of baby laughter that accompanied the breaking of the first crystal vase, almost forgotten are the days of romping on the lawn down which the little parent emerged with a rickety stool and a broken wheel.

Things have changed. Now, the boy—grown beyond mowing an honest penny by mowing lawns for the neighbors' house, and keeping the Marmosets glad to have him—has plenty more Sunday—using his father's room once every fortnight. He has a girl with pretty expensive tastes—watches every Saturday afternoon and a three-piece chocolate of interest. Gradually, the male parent is forced to the conclusion that if the boy is to maintain the good pace, he must be found a job.



Giving him a job in the male parent's own office is out of the question. As the wife, told his partner not so long ago (when the partner tentatively mentioned the wife's nephew Marmoset) family relationships in the office just don't work out. Moreover, the boy—dull as he undoubtedly is—is a pretty smart an occasion, and he'll never believe that his father's attitude towards him Jones is merely that of a boss towards a good and faithful servant.



At what? An interview with the boy reveals that he has no ambitions other than being allowed to stroll along with, say, only two or three pounds allowance each week. . . . Good boy! I've earned my own living since I was twelve, and no son of mine is going to be a drag on the main money market. He is, not so long as you can find someone else to carry the load.



The dog has few qualifications. His working is like a spider's crawl—just that way he saves his shortcomings in spilling; if anything ever happened to one of his legs his arithmetic would suffer considerably—and even as things are, his mathematics cause him worry for the job of a leading referee. At school, he failed in everything except geography—and he didn't take geography.



All the male power's business friends—and particularly those who have won the key—are undergoing economic struggles now, although they'd love to place him, and more things are in

bad that even the people who don't pay their bills are hoping elsewhere. Finally, the boys had a word and the boy shook his head. But two days later he comes home and says, "If the boss doesn't withdraw a remark he made today, I'm leaving." Slightly later he tells the remark was, "Get out and stay out! And so the end of putting the boy to work begins all over

Brushing Bookmakers

The most successful punters do not seem to die as wealthy men; it is a comfort and consolation to find one horse which really managed to bankrupt bookmakers.



FOR fifty years, one man continued, despite the varying vicissitudes of the racing game, to bring at least temporary inconvenience to Australian bookmakers. His turnover in bets over that period was estimated at no less than £1,000,000. The Melbourne Cup of 1916 earned him £65,000, and his winning bets on other events were even greater.

When he died, his estate was worth less than £5,000.

This man was Eric Connolly, with whose death the Australian turf lost, perhaps, its most colourful personality. No man in racing history contributed more to the bookmakers' discomfiture—but by the same

token, no man was more completely aware of the traditions of horses and their associates.

Eric Connolly knew that there were no certainties in racing, and his appreciation of the axiom was never more keen than in 1924, when with Blackward entering to gain him £40,000 and in an unbeatable position, the jockey mistook the location of the winning post and stopped riding!

An English racing writer, however, recalls one certainty which more than justified the hopes of his connections. It was a horse which, though long dead, has left its mark indelibly on the story of the Turf, for Victor Wild literally "broke the

books" when it won the Jubilee Handicap of 1894.

Victor Wild cost its owner £3000, and was secured following his win in a two-year-old selling plate. Despite the fact that he had won the 1894 Royal Hunt Cup—at, incidentally, odds of 50 to 1—he started in the Jubilee race in the same year at 20 to 1.

Moreover, his owner had publicly proclaimed the horse as unstable, but, with cynicism typical of the hardened racegoer, the tip was allowed to pass as merely the usual manifestation of an owner's optimism.

On the other hand the "small" punter accepted the tip with alacrity, and on the course the casual racegoer looked him

to the exclusion of almost every other horse. Their lead was followed by the small punters who bet in the city, but "small money" rarely makes a horse favourite, and the big punters had made other horses their elect.

Victor Wild won; and because he had been comparatively neglected on the course, his win caused more than a slight panic amongst the bookmaking fraternity whose activities were centred around the city of London and lesser towns of Britain where men like to hazard a few shillings on the outcome of a horse race.

The punters, it is said, formed queues in order to collect their winnings—and the bookmakers,

gnoble fellows, left them to bewail their misfortune.

Other bookies, more conscious of their responsibilities, raced frantically to the offices of their fellows, but found that they, too, were suffering similar financial disabilities, and were consequently unable to tide them over. At last, the punters were offered a proportion of their winnings, with the promise that the remainder would be forthcoming at a later date.

It was an indication of the natural triumph felt by the owner that his colossus—he was a publican—went dry by eight o'clock.

Victor Wild was probably the only horse that sent the bookmakers broke. With that pro-

cedent, it is possible that the event may some day be repeated. Which is why we might feel justified in having a bit of a flutter, now and then.

While we flutter hope may spring stored in our breasts—hope that another Victor Wild will break some more books, in our favour. Well, it happened once, it could, and maybe one day will happen again.

The many small prices which may console us in the interim are scarcely likely to make our wealth. Racing handles more money than most businesses outside banking; it is remarkable how much of it is one-way traffic, how few of the millions of punters in Australia alone have anything tangible to show.



ARCHIBALD THE MONUMENT, No. 7

By MOLNAR

Your Middle Life

No foot like an old foot—especially when he's cutting the rug with a juvenile five expert while his wife, in another and more realistic sense, gets in the groove.



SARAH JEFFRIES was knitting socks. There was nothing else she could do at night, because Jimmy was out with his girl-friend. Patricia was at her Younger Set meeting, and John Jeffries, husband and father, was visiting one of the "boys."

The fact that John might be using his business acquaintances as an excuse to get out of the house did not enter Sarah's head. Or, that's what John thought. For, as his wife was turning the heel of a sock in the solitude of their house, John Jeffries was having dinner with a pretty girl.

"Fine thing!" you might say. But, before passing judgment, consider that situations like this

could quite possibly exist even in your own life.

The honeymoon was negotiated safely. You both recovered from your first baby, and the new cottage suited you both perfectly. Twenty years have gone past, and the kids are growing up.

Now middle age is setting in. Woman takes it better than man. If the wife keeps level headed enough, she can save her husband, and her marriage, from the rocks.

Consider the symptoms. There have been drawn from the actual case-books of well known doctors and psychologists. John Jeffries is holding the pretty girl's hand under the table in

the restaurant. But how did it all start?

Maybe it was a couple of months ago when one of the typists came into the office wearing an attractive new dress. John said to himself: "Wish I was young again. What I could do . . . !"

A couple of weeks later, he had coffee with some of the juniors, after working back. That night he arrived home in high spirits. He felt full of pep and life. Grabbing his wife, he kissed her and playfully walked her around the room. What did she say? "Oh, stop it, John! I've got a headache." Rebuff. For the rest of the evening he sulked.

Later, a little voice inside him began to grow. "Your time's nearly up!" it said. "Romance is leaving you behind. Take your final fling! Grab youth before it makes its getaway! This is your last call for adventure!"

So what did he do? He began to go out alone at night. With "the boys," he said. That is when his wife took up knitting.

He sat in dark picture theatres alone, staring at the screen. Afterwards, he would stroll around the streets. He had a delightful feeling that a couple of women looked at him.

And then he met Jean. He spoke to her in a restaurant, and she let him pay her bill. That was the start of it.

Jean, of course, felt she was on a good wicked. She laughed about her middle-aged friend with her office-mistresses. They called him her "sugar-daddy." Some of them despised her for it—but most of them did not blame her for going out with him—if he was willing to take her.

These are the symptoms, and their result. The cure can be slow or swift. It depends on the man, and even more upon his wife.

Psychologists and physicians put the trouble down to a man's physical transition from early to late maturity. It is a danger period. Other symptoms are irritability, boredom, restlessness, violent spasms of temper, worry over trifles, and dark foreboding.

If you have reached the half-century mark, the question to ask yourself is: "Am I going to give in to these feelings?"

No use saying that your wife is "understanding" of your dalliances. Just because she presents a bright face to you over the coffee-pot in the morning is no reason for thinking that. Have you wondered how she was feeling last night while you were out? *

Cross-examined, your excuse for the affair would probably be: "She makes me feel young again. I had to live before I got too old."

But is it worth it, Mr. Middle-Age?

Again dipping into the case-books of psychologists, we bring forth ten tips. They will work, only if you have enough courage to put them into operation.

Tip number one concerns self-defending. You need to understand yourself, and your wife will have to understand you, too. Do not think you are to blame for being human. The blame comes in when you let go your common sense.

Next, having faced the situation objectively, you'll have to start fighting it. Start securing past the rocks. Your wife if she is wise will recognize what you are trying to do, and step up her charms to offset those of the wren. One night, you'll come home to find her with a new hairstyle and fresh facial. Recognize her efforts.

Tip number three is an important one. Laugh at yourself. Don't you honestly think that a middle-aged Romeo is pretty funny? Now, don't be offended. There is nothing laughable about you when you act your age. On the contrary, as a mature husband, you present a fine, dignified figure. But when you dangle in the wake of Jeanne or Dulce, that's another matter. And don't kid yourself. The girls who lead you on are laughing at you. And why shouldn't they?

Tip five is summed up in a word of advice given a man who went to his doctor with a sin-

cere request for help. The doctor told him he had no organic disease, but he was run down. His glands were peeping on his mind, and he was fighting with his own sense of guilt. He was tangled in a mesh of lies. If he could only pull himself out of the mess he would be all right.

Take it from John Jeffries' point of view.—John had always been a square-dealing man. He and his wife talked over the day's happenings together in frank companionship. Suddenly, he found himself swooping to excuses, lies and trickery. No wonder he felt sick.

Tip six is a piece of arithmetic. Find out how much this affair is going to cost you. Not—cost financially. First, it will cost you your wife's devotion, your children's respect, and the esteem of your best friends—perhaps even your business success. High living, isn't it?

Seventh tip is to take more than your ordinary amount of exercise. Look to your diet, and also get lots of rest. Good bodily health tends to keep your nerves steady and helps bring your mind back to normal.

Eight, take a vacation. A good long one. Maybe you should take a camping trip, or a hike. Give yourself the most complete change you have had for years. A vacation which in shades your wife would be ideal, but maybe you can straighten things out by being alone.

Ninth tip—acquire a hobby. It can be anything from collecting stamps to raising tomatoes. Whatever it is, hard yourself into it as if your very life depended on it. It will help you concentrate, and absorb your interests.

Tenth and final tip—visualize your future. The future you really want. Make a vivid mental picture of it, and see if your temptress has any place in it. See yourself as a big business

success, the father of successful children. Take the picture out and look at it whenever you feel those symptoms coming on.

The story of John Jeffries is just one in many.

Maybe he will read those words of advice—or maybe he is still holding that girl's hand under the restaurant table.

In that case, you can give his wife an order for a pair of socks. She will have plenty of time to knit them!



Mayerling

The death of a royal line of kings was linked with the tragic love-episode which happened in Mayerling Castle, recently liberated by Russians from the Nazi masters.



PRINCE OTTO of Hapsburg, drifting in and out of the news, is the only thing hope sees that a Hapsburg will reign again in Europe. Although Austrian royalists have been vocal as their country's liberation took place, the re-establishment of the throne seems unlikely.

And while Otto hoped, the Russians who forced Vienna stamped through the corridors of Mayerling Castle . . . the castle in which the last Hapsburg heir died, surrounded by romance, mystery and tragedy.

At nine a.m. on Wednesday, January 30, 1889, an agitated gentleman dashed into the stationmaster's office at Baden, near Vienna.

He gave his name as Count Hoyos, and demanded that the stationmaster should commission immediately a special train to Vienna for an urgent mission.

Though he recognized the Count as a member of the hating party at Crown Prince Rudolph's shooting box, the stationmaster needed more information before he could grant such a request.

Then, the Count declared to give. Instead of the special train, he asked that the express train to Vienna, almost due, be stopped so that he could go aboard.

Again the stationmaster needed a good reason before he could do what was asked of him.

Count Hoyos hedged and pleaded. Eventually, he told the stationmaster that Crown Prince Rudolph had met with a fatal accident, and it was his sad duty to return to the Palace and inform the Emperor.

The stationmaster therefore stopped the train. The Count boarded it.

As the train was rushed to a carriage, shouting "The Palace." Onlookers knew that tragedy was in the air. Rumours spread a veil of gossip and speculation, for quick as the Count had been, the news arrived ahead of him.

At the Palace, Count Hoyos went first to the Court Steward. The steward feared to break the news to the Emperor, passed the Count on to find one official and then another. This procedure was prolonged, for none of the Court wanted the task of breaking the news to the Emperor Francis Joseph.

It was Count Hoyos who told Empress Elisabeth almost an hour after he had arrived at the Palace that her son was dead. And it was the Empress who told the Emperor: she and Katharina Schraut, the pretty actress who had captivated Francis Joseph. Wife and mistress went together to the Emperor . . .

Francis Joseph had long harboured pretensions that he was to be the last of the Hapsburgs. With this in mind, he

ordered that all documents relating to the Prince's death were to be given to an official who was trustworthy, and sworn to secrecy. The Emperor looked ahead to the day when confidential records would not be treated as such. So much did he anticipate that day that the documents just disappeared, and were never found.

He released an official statement to the press. A special edition of *Wiener Zeitung* announced: "His Highness the Crown Prince, accompanied by some guests, including Prince Philip of Coburg and Count Hoyos, went to shoot at Mayerling . . . When guests assembled this morning and found His Highness did not appear, they made the shocking discovery that, following on a stroke, His Highness had breathed his last."

The information on Rudolph's death released for public consumption was rigidly censored . . . and nobody believed what was published . . .

For there had not been a word about Baroness Marie Vetsera. All Vienna had known of the Crown Prince's attachment to the lovely Baroness. Those reporters who braved the wintery journey to Mayerling got nothing for their trouble. Gendarmes barred the roads leading to the Castle.

Rumours swept the country. His Highness had been shot by

Rational Fashion

The man is hard the man is tough
And things run in very rough
Because in youth of many
Fashion
We have reason
We never know we do without
The things we rather like to
Have—
The things we want that a life
Had
Are things we would like never
Had

a stray bullet while hunting . . . he had been murdered by a discontented forester . . . one of the party had accidentally shot the heir . . . he had fought a duel. . . .

None of them came within reach of the truth.

Next day, the *Wiener Zeitung* published a long official statement on how the Prince had met his death. Before it was released, there had been a stormy interview between the Emperor and the Court Physicians. Francis Joseph had prepared a statement which declared that the Prince had died as a result of a sudden illness.

The doctors preferred to resign, rather than sign a false statement.

After a lengthy argument, they amended the statement to read more or less truthfully,

with the concession, agreed to by the doctors, that the Prince had died by his own hand in a moment of mental aberration.

A foreign newspaper which mentioned the death of Baroness Marie Vetsera was confiscated, and the report was amended before the newspaper was permitted to be sold.

The modified report was to the effect that Baroness Marie Vetsera had died in Venice, and had been buried in the family vault at Fieschi. But, on February 1, the day following the tragedy, the Imperial and Royal Police Commissioner reported wordily and publicly that the Baroness Marie Vetsera had died by her own hand at Mayerling. She had been hastily buried in the Holy Cross Cemetery near the Castle grounds. Only two of her uncles attended the funeral. Her mother was kept away by force, for only a day or so previously, she had reported to the police that her daughter was missing.

The name of the baroness could not be mentioned publicly in Austria until 1918, when the end of the Hapsburg reign removed the ban.

Behind the tragedy were hints of murder; rumors of political intrigue; stories of assassination and plot. It was not until Katharina Schraut—who did not die until 1940—broke her silence that it became known

(Continued on page 32)



"No, no! Mr. Carruthers! That is not the way to launch a debutante!"



that the double death had, in fact, been a suicide pact. This was the only secret of the Court that Kathi ever divulged, despite continual offers for her autobiography.

The Crown Prince was not a happy man. Francis Joseph kept his hands firmly on the reins of Government and allowed his son no part in the affairs of the Empire. Rudolph had to be content with a few minor appointments . . .

Between Empress Elisabeth and her son was a strong bond. Biographers cite them as being very much alike—both having a restless, hurried look. Lonely, and continually seeking the companionship of a congenial soul who might be unhampered by the restrictions of the Court.

At 24, Rudolph was married off to Princess Stephanie of Belgium as a matter of State, with out having much choice in the matter. For a long time, there were no children of the union. Then, to the Empress's disappointment, the child was a girl.

Rudolph took a keen delight in journalism.

Under a pseudonym, he contributed regular articles to the *Neuer Wiener Tagblatt*. More Scape, the editor, was a close friend. Though Rudolph was a prolific writer, much of his work never reached print—for he wrote of dangerous things. As it was, his friendship with

Scape was looked on with displeasure by the Court.

It was in 1887 that he first met the 16-year-old Baroness Marie Vetsera. Her mother was Greek, her father Bohemian. She was very lovely. Even her jealous feminine contemporaries could not rob her of full credit for her dark hair and blue eyes, her white skin and charm. Her figure attracted attention wherever she went.

As soon as it became known that the Prince was interested in the Baroness, gossip had it that she had introduced him to drugs, hoping by that means to get a hold over him; that she was a scheming, ambitious member of an impetuous family, anxious to stabilize her position and ensure her comfort.

It was also said that, though the Baroness' father was but a minor Government official, her mother came of a wealthy family . . .

Her aunt, attached to the Court, brought the lovers together. For them she planned secret meetings in the most romantic city in the world at its most romantic period.

The Emperor knew of the liaison, but turned a blind eye. So did the Empress, until the summer after their first meeting.

Rudolph went to England to represent the Austrian Court at the Jubilee of Queen Victoria. He went alone, for the Crown

(Continued on page 24)



"I understand this is called the *Lucky Bunch*."

Princess Stephanie refused to leave her home. It was, perhaps, a matter of coincidence that Marie chose that summer to visit her sister in England. But it was fuel for the gossip.

So long as the royal lover kept the affair secret, nothing had been said. But when it became common gossip, not only in Court circles, and not only in Vienna, but had spread to other countries, then Francis Joseph wanted it stopped.

Rudolph was equally determined to keep his love. He refused to give up the Baroness—more, he raised the question of a divorce. Scandal mounted on scandal. For one of the Royal Family to be publicly discussed was bad enough, but divorce was unthinkable.

Some hallowed stormy scene between Rudolph and the Emperor. At last, the power of the Emperor forced Rudolph to submit. There was an official dinner attended by both the Crown Prince and Princess in the nature of a public gesture to show that the affair which has circulated were so much gossip.

The rumour-hounds were still supplied with ammunition. Some had it that the Baroness had refused to break her liaison with Rudolph . . . that the divorce was her idea . . . that she would not allow herself to be discarded to order.

But when the Crown Prince left for Mayerling with his

shooting party, the Baroness was not mentioned.

He took no part in the shoot, keeping to his apartments, and pleading indisposition as his excuse.

Count Hohen and his valet found the Prince and the Baroness—both of them dead—in a darkened bedroom. The Prince's face was bloodied, for he had blown away most of the top of his head.

The affairs of the country were such that the time of Francis Joseph was fully occupied.

He had been fully occupied ever since he had succeeded to the throne in 1848. Though he reigned for 68 years, a longer reign than that of Queen Victoria, he saw the prestige of his House tarnish.

Historians hold Francis Joseph responsible for the first World War, even though he did not live to see its end, and with it the end of his House—as he had feared since his accession.

For, above everything, Francis Joseph was a Hapsburg. All most everything he did was dictated by the interests of his House, even to the interference in his son's life that ultimately ended it.

The Mayerling legend has passed down to the romantic stage, quoted whenever a member of the Hapsburgs does something accused newsworthy.

Now, the Russians have occupied Mayerling Castle

Wouldn't It!

America-bound brides attend domestic classes.—*Just because some Yank asked "What's cookin'?"*

Disappointing prices at thoroughbred bull sale.—*No self-respecting bull feels his best when he's sold for a stud.*

Plano tubes in Sydney slums and flats, says popular girl candidate.—*The place you can't buy wouldn't fit in the flat you can't rent, anyway.*

Hobart guest house cat adopts rat.—*But then, many a nice girl's done the same.*

American actress gets fourth divorce from same man.—*Apparently she's trying to prolong their courtship days.*

British psychologist claims double beds make happy homes.—*So even psychologists know what it is to have cold feet.*

Card posted in 1906 reaches addressee in 1945.—*Morning or afternoon pair?*

Comedians Grace Allen and George Burns cover San Francisco Conference.—*They felt no professional jealousy as they watched speaker after speaker.*

Small American town employs "sniffers" to find if council employees have been drinking.—*And bloodhounds to discover where they got the drink?*

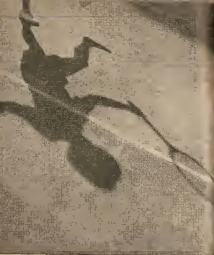
Present-day parents too ready to let others take over the onerous duties of their children, says social worker.—*What children?*



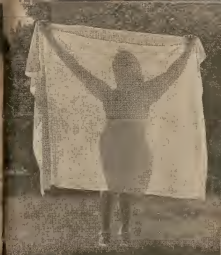
HEADS OF

TABLET





"NICE DAY FOR TENNIS . . ."



"HOPE THIS WASHING DRIES"

"HAVEN'T I MET YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE?"



"THE FACE DOES LOOK FAMILIAR . . ."



Personal TOUCHES

PABLO PICASSO, the famous surrealist artist, was discovered in his Paris studio by a Nazi officer. He had a painting showing the Nazi destruction of the town of Guernica. "Did you do that?" demanded the Nazi. "No," said Picasso. "You did." People have been shot for less, but the famous surrealist got away with it.

that?" demanded the Nazi. "No," said Picasso. "You did." People have been shot for less, but the famous surrealist got away with it.

MOUNTAIN EAGLE is the greatest home in world politics to the people of the Ukraine—that's what they call Stalin. When the Soviet Legation, Conbarre, throws a party, Mountain Eagle's bust in plaster stands triumphantly above a base of mosses and flowers, normal times it rests in a special niche in its side.

DOROTHY TANGNEY, Australia's only woman senator, is being painted on silk by Temple Manning. "Don't give me a thick neck," instructed the Senator, whose neck is really not thick at all—in which she has pride. Mary Edwards is painting Dame Erskine. Senator Tangney and Dame Erskine will be the first women to have their portraits in the King's Hall, Federal Parliament House.

DARBY MUNRO has eight Darby (English pronunciation, Darby) wins to his credit, but that's not how he got his nickname. He was nicknamed Darby—as was his uncle. And when the uncle got tired of answering every time young Darby was called, the name Darby came along—before Darby ever rode a Darby, or a horse.

HEDY LAMARR wins the unofficial Hollywood Oscar for the most sophisticated person. Whenever Friday is the 13th she spends the entire day in bed to keep out of the way of trouble.

PISTOL-PACKING PATTON this pearl-handled gun is famous as now nicknamed "Whoo-a-guy" Patton, and displayed the ultimate in self-confidence in the drive through France. "We'll be in Aachen at four o'clock," he announced, "even if I have to hold back!" He was there.

AGNES BOYLE, Australian actress recently back with the polish of ten years' American experience, played one of the longest sobbing parts in modern drama when she did Helen Drumen's "Voice of the Turtle." She was on stage for over two and a quarter hours, except for swift dress changes.

NELSON ROCKEFELLER is one millionaire's son who isn't a playboy; he's U.S.A.'s Assistant Secretary of State. When he threw a diplomatic dinner in a fashionable Mexico City restaurant he paid the 1500 dollars check cheerfully, sticking to the waiter, "Who do you think I am—Rockefeller?"



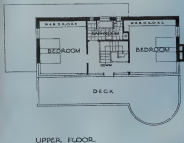
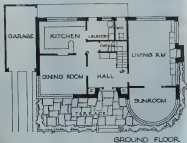
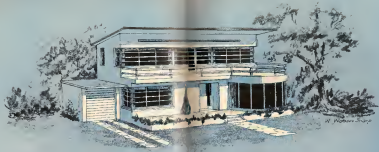
Plan for a POST-WAR HOME (No.7)

PREPARED BY H. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

When the initial rush for housing is over and the impatient demands for minimum houses are being met, preferences have been to some extent settled, those whose tastes and incomes run to something more spacious will have their opportunity. This month CAVALLCADE shows sketch plans for a two-bedroom house designed for greatest living, planned on relatively spacious lines and finished in a modern manner.

The house is on two floors, which is usually the most satisfactory arrangement for all but the smallest homes. On the ground floor is a large living room, which opens into a terrace. This is semi-circular in plan and its shape has a strong influence on the outside appearance of the house. On the other side of the entrance hall is the dining room, which has direct communication with the kitchen looked off by means of a built-in cupboard. The stairs rise direct from the entrance hall, and in the angle they form is a telephone table and chair.

The bedrooms are on the upper floor, with the bathroom in the logical position between them. Each bedroom has roomy built-in wardrobes. From the upper landing access is gained to the open deck which runs along the front of the house. A wide overhanging roof protects this from most of the weather.





In the living room of CANALCASH'S POST-WAR HOME No. 3 it is suggested that built-in furniture should flank the fireplace on both sides. The bank around the fireplace itself is very simple, while on each side of it are placed comfortable flexible upholstered seats such to accommodate two persons. Beyond these again are cabinets, one with two bookshelves to the upper section and a closed cupboard below. The radio set is accommodated in the matching cabinet, which also has a closed cupboard in the lower section. If a radio-gramophone is installed, this lower section can be converted into a record storage compartment. The lighting unit built into the ceiling not only provides diffused light just where it is needed, but serves to dramatize this built-in furniture and add immeasurably to the modern effect.

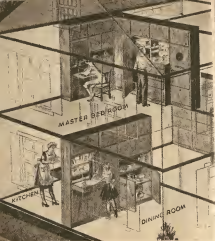
In carrying out the furniture layout of the room a very free arrangement should be followed. This will not only accentuate the spaciousness that is a dominant feature of the plan in general, but will serve as a relief to the somewhat formal placing of the fixed furniture.



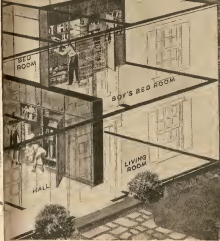
The photographs on the following pages are published by arrangement with "LIFE"

Ideas FOR YOUR POST-WAR HOME

The wall of tomorrow is very much more than something to keep the guests in the lounge-room from seeing what is going on in the bedroom's walls, as in your home, are gone for good, and all because the American magazine LIFE sponsored a new kind of wall called a "storage wall." Its advantages is a cartable system—fixed sections, space saving, pleasant experience, the elimination of a lot of "odd" furniture for various odd uses. So here follows an exposition of the future wall—the storage wall.



Plan of a house already constructed in which storage walls could be built, shown that it occupies interior walls, leaving exterior walls free for windows. It is between rooms that the storage wall is built, and it is wide enough to serve both the rooms having a central partition, and doors opening on both sides—many pieces of standard furniture are deeper than their purpose necessitates, and in the depth space is wasted.



There is no room the purpose of which cannot be met by the storage wall. In the dining room it replaces sideboard, leaving its compartments built to accommodate crockery and cutlery, in the bedroom it serves as dressing-table and wardrobe and locker, it serves as radio cabinet book case, cocktail recess desk in the living room and is adaptable to the special uses of children of the educated.



This is the old way of raising walls—walls which were obstacles without use. LIFE, to prove its point about the storage wall in this famous home, took the house here pictured, and decided to do away with the old papered walls and build, in place, the storage walls it advocated.



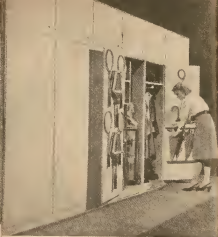
First step towards modernity was to pull out the old walls and have carpenters build in the new. The post in the centre is erected for ceiling support, and on the left of the picture one section of the storage wall can be seen, already completed. The one to be fitted on the right contains room for radio and photograph



Nearly complete now is the reconstructed room, as the last section of the storage wall is fastened in position. The carpenter is working on the dual storage units along the top—out of ordinary reach—these will contain stored stuff and material which is not in steady demand, occasionally used gear like holiday and travelling equipment.



In the bedroom the storage wall would be 32 inches thick and would eliminate the use of windowless landings even dressing-tables. The unit has hanging space left and drawers and toilet table centre more hanging space and lowboy accommodation right. Much more space would be left for use as the roomless sleeping and dressing balconies.



This is where we go out—even the balcony has a storage well, in which golfclubs and overcoats, sports equipment, umbrellas, race shirts etc., find repose. Flashed out of sight these no longer spoil neatness: no longer get in the way. Notice here, too, top cupboards for dead storage. NEW YORKER joined at the storage well after explaining how much rubbish could accumulate there. That actually seems a legitimate argument—look in your attic or box room now!

Hangover Host

A Sydney pharmacist who writes books and musical comedies (one played successfully in London) owes his real fame to entertaining morning-after drinkers.



MR. EDMOND SAMUELS is one of N.E.W.'s 1,800 chemists; in itself this fact is not remarkable.

But Mr. Samuels has many other attributes that make him noteworthy. He is, for instance, the creator of what he calls "the only original thought in modern pharmacy"—a hangover bar.

Moreover, you will find his name on the fly-leaf of maybe half a dozen books; he has written the lyrics and music of three times that number of songs; his musical comedy, *The Silver Swan*, with Alice Delysia as its star, ran for 3½ months at the Palace Theatre in London. The star's weekly salary, says Mr. Samuels, was £250—and he

adds that he, of course, was not himself the backer of the show.

In the rear of his shop—strategically located opposite the Australia Hotel and next to Rousseau's, Sydney's greatest pre-hangover centre—Mr. Samuels (Eddie to his friends) sits in a small but artistic office, surrounded by signed photographs of celebrities who to you and me are merely glamorous names. The entire back wall of the office is occupied by a map of Australia crisscrossed with the autographs of people from amazingly diverse walks of life.

Eddie has given up trying to estimate the number of autographs, but, obviously, it runs into thousands. One of his

main ambitions—and one which unfortunately will never be achieved—is to give a party which will be attended by the owners of the rooms within the map. It would, he says, be a spectacular occasion.

He speaks decisively, quickly, and almost continuously. He can, and does, quote passages from his books without reference—even though he has not glanced at the books for years.

In his writings, he "maintains the same sure note throughout," and he is proud of the fact that in 1934 his book, *Why Not Tell?* declared that war was inevitable:

"Warwick stooped down and whispered to me: 'Get me another brandy, Ian.' He was speaking again when I returned.

"Existence of countries, heads of governments, leaders of churches are all talking war, and telling us how to avoid it, but surely you realize that these talk, whether it is for or against disarmament, is actually fostering and encouraging thoughts of war . . . a man has the right, you know, to be lord of his own creation, and to obey, untrammelled, the dictates of his own conscience. Believe me, that the cries of the war-mongers will ultimately bring down the sword upon their own heads."

Eddie also has visions. In the same book, although it is attributed to the character, Warwick, he talks of a dream which,

he assured me, has come to his own subconscious often:

"I was standing at the foot of a hill. The sky was as black as ink and the thunder rumbled and rumbled. A vivid streak of lightning slashed the heavens

. . . they opened and an image appeared. Screams screamed from me. It was the end of the world. I knew it was the end. I shook violently with a great fear. Life was sweet. I did not want to die, but I knew death was at hand, the annihilation of the race was near. Then the image spoke: 'Be not afraid,' it said, 'I have a message for you. Heed it, and carry it on to all you know, and tell them to do likewise. Let there be peace; let there be less talk of wars, less bartering of souls and material wealth, less squabbling, less plunder, less outward show, less greed, less palm-angling and gospel weaving, less cruelty, less deceit, less make-believe . . . and let there be more tolerance, more understanding of one another' . . . not once did I see this vision and hear this message in a dream, but many times have I seen and heard over the years."

As spoken by Eddie in his deep, actor's voice, it was a pretty dramatic speech of Warwick's. It was also a remarkable bit of misquoting, for the playwright author had not looked at *Why Not Tell?* for three years.

Eddie's musical numbers have



not had the success they deserved. One, *The Song of the Swans*, should, Eddie said, be one of Australia's national songs: "If they are looking for a national song, this is it, and someone should send it to the Government." He himself will not submit it, as such a thing would be outside his principles.

It was in 1935 that he took his musical comedy, *The Silver Swan*, to London—taking also his own musical conductor. He admits that it was impudent of him to be so confident of success. However, his confidence was justified when a leading actress of the day told him that he had achieved in seven months what it had taken Noel Coward 17 years to do.

Eddie writes as quickly as he speaks. Providing his time is not too much occupied by those suffering the after-effects of the cup that cheers, he can turn out a novel-length book in one week. He gets a new idea every minute, in fact, he said that even as I interviewed him I was giving him a theme for a story.

As I had come to interview him, I felt both flattered and about with my own petard.

Becoming more practical,

Eddie stated that the years following the war would see a marked increase in stomach complaints, due to the great quantity of illegally-brewed liquor available.

In addition, many people are drinking today who would normally be abstemious. As Warlock (*Why Not Tell?* 1934) so prophetically observed: "Unhappily, we are all children of an age of depressing things, and beauty is obscured by the dross around us. There seems to be no real heart in people to enjoy themselves without the aid of artificial stimulants and atmosphere. Always in the background there is lurking the figure of *gloom*, warning you to beware of wholesome pleasure, telling you the only way to defeat him is to booze."

Which, being pretty right, more than justifies Eddie's experiment with the "only original thought in modern pharmacy."

Before I left his office, I signed my name on the back wall. Now I've got a personal reason for wishing he could achieve that party!

And on my way out, I paused at the hangover bar for a quick one . . .

London *Daily Herald* reports that among an R.A.F. draft for India was a sergeant who was injured on the Vimy's fiasco. He was accordingly awarded to dine with Viceroyalty, and did.

Next night he tried to enter the New Delhi Imperial Hotel. He was refused admission on the excuse that "the Europeans would not like to eat with somebody not of commissioned rank."

Sea-going Gold

Though it does not glitter and is nothing to look at, the ambergris emitted on beaches by dead whales is real money. It is hard to find the real thing.



THOSE who may be thinking seriously of gathering ambergris for a living should take note of the story concerning the unfortunate New York dodger.

He was convinced that he had found a fortune, and even installed the slings lump in the vault of a New York bank.

Was his face red, when a chemist informed him that his "tubulous" discovery was nothing but the mush from an illicit moonshine stillery!

The find of a 73 oz. lump of ambergris on Shelly Beach, Victoria, in March this year is the story of one varmint which proved to be correct. For, of every hundred "finds" only one or two turn up trumps.

Robert Murphy, an expert at the New York Museum of Natural History, says that of forty people who have come to him with supposed finds of ambergris, thirty-nine were wrong.

He says that the opening of the garbage disposal plant on Breen Island vastly increased the supply of fake ambergris in the New York region.

Hopful "prospectors" have come to him with lumps of wax, paint, tallow, blue mud, bits of decayed fish, the residue of picnickers' lunches, coke, and waterlogged wood.

All were convinced they had the real thing.

So many tubulous legends have been circulated concerning

Free, Gratis, etc.

I know I sound crazy,
You may think I'm grand;
And without hardly pausing,
I'm leaving this land.
For I look at the way
And it makes me feel sure,
That I've got a few best years
Of my life to the Navy.

ambergris that it is no wonder that people will have even ridiculous to substantiate their claim.

Encyclopedias describe the "floating gold" as a grey, gummy substance which is found on beaches. Its most tell-tale characteristic is its smell—a faint, clinging, musty odour, which will remain in a room, or on material for years. It is because of this persistency that perfume manufacturers pay high prices for it as a "fixative."

The story of ambergris goes back to the days when the ladies of ancient Egypt used it as a perfume, and men bought it to spice their choicest wines.

Its origin was obscure. Some said it came from the floor of the sea. Others believed it was gum from trees growing near the sea. It was also explained as being scummed honeycomb

from bees' nests, or the secretion of birds.

A chemist in the seventeenth century wrote quite a word about ambergris. He called it "marine sulphur," and claimed that, taken internally, it strengthened the heart and brain, revived and recreated the spirits, "natural, vital and animal," and was also a good preservative against the Plague. He believed it also caused fruitfulness.

Not until quite recently did naturalists finally pin the origin of ambergris down to the ingestion of dissolved sperm whales.

The recent find of "floating gold" in Victoria is the largest reported for some years, but even in Australia there have been greater discoveries.

In 1934, a fisherman on the beach at Smoky Cape, N.S.W., found a lump of ambergris weighing eighteen and a half pounds.

Three years earlier, a lump of 14 ounces was found in the same area, and was sold for £36. In 1931, a report came from Wellington, New Zealand, that a mass of ambergris had been found, worth £10,000.

The greatest find in Australian waters was that retrieved from the body of a giant sperm whale by Norwegian whalers early in this century. It weighed 352 lb., and brought nearly £13,000 on the London market.

Legends circulate concerning

innocent sea-widen who all un-
wittingly see lumps of amber-
gris to prop open doors or sup-
port their rockers.

There was a native girl in
Madagascar who was annoyed be-
cause the rock she was sitting
on stuck to her new cotton dress.

An apothecary heard her
complaining in the market place,
and went back to investigate.
Yes, you guessed it. The "rock"
was ambergris. He gathered a
block weighing 1400 ounces. He
sold it at £5/10/- on a once.

Less fortunate was the man
in the Pacific Islands who found
a huge sum of ambergris, melted
it, and used it to grease his boats
and poles his hut. It was only
after the whole chunk had dis-
appeared that someone told him
what he had been doing.

Publicity concerning the value

of ambergris is mostly mislead-
ing. Technological Museum ex-
perts point out that ambergris
varies in quality. Often, most
of the outer coating has to be
peeled off until only a small
portion remains.

Don't let this discourage you.
Even a few ounces of the sub-
stance will bring in a tidy sum.

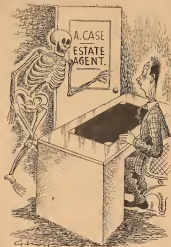
But before you begin the
search, remember the true story
of the man who organized a
whaling expedition for the sole
purpose of finding a worth-while
haul of ambergris.

He wallowed through the
blubber of twenty-five whales
before he turned home.

He couldn't find one sick-
enough. Thus another fortune
was lost because ambergris is
not as common as it could be.



"That reminds me . . . I must get my fur coat out of storage!"



"Got a replacement to test?"

Feature

The question which troubles you, me, and the next fool, is, *How to tell a blonde?* A writer even more foolhardy, makes some suggestions which may not be practical.



IT isn't hard to tell a blonde these days. Finding a blonde to tell is a job in itself.

Due to the shortage of peroxide and bleaches, blondes are, practically speaking, a dying race. But who wants to be practical about them?

Not that blondes are necessarily light headed. Some of them were born that way—some acquired it—some had it pushed at them.

Breathes there the blonde with pride so dead who peers to her friends has said, "Of course it's material. Do I look as though I bleach my hair?" She does, too!

It's a pity that it's so hard to tell a blonde, though. There

is a constant demand for them these days, with so many gentlemen around. That is, if all the officers are gentlemen—the ones that go for blondes must be!

Most of them are poor, hard-working girls—and how they work.

Still, you've got to admit that a little of silver fox makes a good background for a light lace.

If she pencils her eyebrows, you can be sure she is a blonde—or else she's a wake-up and bleaches her eyebrows, too.

"No—I don't pencil my lashes . . . Is it an unusual combination, isn't it? Mother is definitely brunette . . ."

So is father. And they didn't have an iceman, because dad

POST-WAR, power is an electric eye in the garage door, which will open the door as you drive up, switch on garage and house lights. This is a brighter-posed idea, for only your own car will make it work. Millions of combinations can be worked out, just like a safe lock; and each car will be tuned to a corresponding unit in the garage. Conversely, it can be set so that any other car will automatically give an alarm, so that friends may be welcomed.

bought a refrigerator. He was a wake-up to all shoddie guys.

But she can always refer to the Mandelstam theory—if she's ever heard of it.

You can always tell when one of the boys has been out with a blonde, though. Particularly if he's got a rosy blue nose . . . she's worse than dandruff.

Fairy tales have always been biased in favour of the lighter moments. Nary a princess with brunette locks made the hero. The brunette was the heavy who died a lingering death when the blonde menace made good.

It's a matter of childhood conditioning. Take "Goldilocks and the Three Bears." It's standard literature in all kindergartens. No wonder Junior gets thinking that blondes are the only women in the world. It isn't until he's got around a

bit that he realises all that platinum isn't gold.

The term "blonde" covers a multitude of colour, too. It starts at near-white and doesn't stop until it reaches the stage of rich russet. In between, there's enough variety to drive a colour-matcher nuts.

By nature, they're a very determined lot—determined to be blonde, anyhow! Do you ever see brunettes getting around with weird mixtures on their hair to promote the colour? You don't! And, unless you're married to one, you don't see blondes doing it, either. That comes under the heading of Official Secrets. It's something that is done behind barred and locked doors.

Fathers of blondes have a worrying time, trying to keep up with the rapid changes of scenery—when daughter comes home one night platinum, a week later golden, and then goes off the gold standard in favour of strawberry . . . There's the silvery blonde, but have you ever heard of the tin or zinc blonde?

No—of course not. Tin hasn't any glamour. Neither has zinc. Since aluminium moved up into the higher strata as Flying Fortresses and stream-line planes, it's recognised as an official colour, but it smacks too much of the kitchen to make it popular.

Some blondes have all the

charm and simplicity of a galvanized iron roof—and look like so—the way they torture their hair into regimented rolls.

You can tell a blonde a long way off—the longer the better. So far as your bank balance is concerned.

Before you get really interested in her, go home and see her mother. If Ma was blonde in her youth, ten to one she's thin, fat and forty—well, she owes up to forty. Then you can see what your current passion will look like in ten years' time. If that doesn't cure you—well, you deserve whatever's coming to you.

They're expensive little pets. It takes so much to keep that mass of flowing gold approximately the same colour.

Even the native girls in New Guinea are a wake-up to the blonde racket. And they're not alone, if one believes the stories filtering back. And they racket that up there the longer you look at a girl the whiter she gets

—which is the same thing, after all, or is it?

Of course, you will have the case of the RAF officer who came back to London from a POW camp and said he would find it very easy to look at a couple of blondes.

Newspapers reported his saying, but nobody came forward to tell him how hard it would be to find the blondes.

Just as nobody has ever come forward to explain why blondes are so much more talked-about than brunettes.

Yes, we'd had brunettes, but for the fact that we, too, find some irresistible attraction in the gold-and-white of those blondes which are so hard to find, for it is never easy to pick the real platinum from the common imitation.

But it isn't hard to tell a blonde. First you find her, then you wait for her to ask something so that you can tell her—but it's manners to wait till you're asked, isn't it?



The Jukes Case

An argument in favor of bare-control is the flock of moronic descendants from this sub-normal wedded couple, and their cost in crime and money to their home.



THE loose, imbecile mouth of the groom closed down on the lips of his bride—and the State of New York became potentially poorer by a million and a quarter dollars.

The dribbling of the State funds was a slow process. It was only after seventy-five years that the trustees settled up what the Jukes's progeny cost their Blame State.

It all began with that wedding of 160 years ago. It might even then have been avoided if the Jukes sisters had not been fertile. But they gave their husband children—which was a pity.

Max was a feeble-minded father who had only two sons;

and when they wanted to marry Ada and Bell Jukes—two of a family of six harlot sisters—he did not protest. The girls were central. Their chosen profession paid well. Finally, they felt they could afford to marry.

Their romantic decision produced in 75 years, 2,094 progeny—1,238 of whom were living in 1915. But consider that of these 1,238, only 65 were said to be clean and useful citizens. Six hundred of the remainder were proven feeble-minded, epileptic, or criminal.

In the official records of the Jukes can be found the words "criminal," "harlot," "mentally defective," "drunkard," "pauper"—and "murderer."

New York State had cause for alarm. These people who cropped up so frequently in the criminal records were not victims of bad fortune or environment. They were born that way—simply because a man named Max married his two sons to harlots.

Max was not of the type to realize, in bestowing blessings upon his two dribbling boys and their grinning brides, that he was starting trouble.

The process of breeding and inbreeding amongst the tribe of Jukes has been so rapid and so prodigious that investigators have lost sight of many of the tell-tale cords of relationship. The strain has spread beyond New York City and State; it has gone through the world. Men in high places might carry the poison in their veins. There is no way of telling. A Juke's descendant may be a governor. Several of them may be politicians. Some cynics say they are.

But wherever the spawn of the Jukes may be scattered today, the ugly roots of their early unions have been recorded as a warning to all.

Ada Jukes, who married the first of Max's sons, has been called "the mother of criminals." This is why:

By her marriage, Ada had four children—including an illegitimate son, who came into the picture long before she gained the status of marriage.

But first, the story of the legitimate union. The first child was a boy. No doubt Ada and her loose-tipped husband were proud of him. Perhaps, through the haze of their pride, they even had hopes for him. He grew up to be insolent, licentious and syphilitic. There was never any hope for him; he was doomed from the moment he was conceived.

But realization of his condition did not stop him from marrying. Instead of being taken over by the State for medical treatment, this man-made monster actually married a cousin and had eight children.

The poison of unbridled indulgence in their blood. Of those eight children, not one was free from syphilis from birth. Seven of them were female. Five became harlots, one was an idiot from birth, and only one grew up to any semblance of useful man.

In turn, their female descendants show a preponderance of harlotry.

Ada's second son seemed to be industrious. He became a farm laborer. Eventually, he saved enough to buy 14 acres of his own land. Separated from his family, the young man stood in his fields and realized to work hard to make them fruitful.

He himself was fruitful. Somehow, he made the mistake of marrying his first cousin. They had children, of course.

But the first three were still-born, the next, a daughter, eventually became a harlot, her sister was insane and committed suicide, and his only son was licentious and a pauper.

And Ada's illegitimate son. What happened to him? Not even a normal influence seems to have affected Ada's knack of producing defective progeny.

The illegitimate son was honest enough in his lifetime, but his children were the exact opposite. Two of his three sons were criminals, and the third drank and received outdoor relief. All of his three daughters were harlots, and two married criminals.

The children of Bell Juke, who married Max's second son, were no better. Her family tree is a dreary mass of harlotry and licentiousness to the fifth generation.

A third Juke sister, Effie, took none of the married bliss of Ada and Bell and also took a husband.

There is no record of his name or pedigree, but the result of the marriage seems to be proof enough of his doubtful ancestry. The progeny of Effie Juke were marked by sexual immorality, laziness, assault and childlessness. They had had no desire for work, and certainly not enough energy to try for a job. The State of New York paid out many a dollar towards their relief.

Checking again on the results of these unfortunate unions, it can be seen that the difference of the male germ plasma determined the basic nature of the children.

In Ada's case, criminality crops up throughout each succeeding generation.

Bell contributed a fine crop of sex maniacs to the community, and Effie loaded Central Park with paupers and vagrants.

The notorious Jukes Case is used as an instance by men of science, who claim that modern breeding should be ruled by selection.

If a nation permits marriage between mental defectives that nation will have to be prepared for a crop of these types in the future.

Science urges that marriage should be serious and considered as more than coitus.

States like that of New York, which have suffered financially because of the mistakes of their citizens, are in the forefront of those who urge that much care should be taken in the breeding of humans.

English medical men have stated that consanguineous marriage, or interbreeding, is not only harmless, but actually beneficial, if both partners are perfect specimens. They have proved their case by producing a race of super-rats and superior guinea pigs, through continual interbreeding.



"One and a half pounds of carnival varieties, please . . ."

If the unfortunate Julia had been normal at first, they could have continued through generations to marry their first cousins without harm.

Note.—Naturally, this being a true case from official records,

the people involved had to have a name. It does not follow that all people with this name are connected with the case. In fact, the original family name has been changed hundreds of times by marriage.—Editor



The Other Half . . .

Those who wonder why Mohammedans usually so anxious in spite of modern advances, may be helped by this insight. No matter how small a scrap of paper, followers of the Prophet will not throw it away. They believe that words on any scrap of paper may contain a reminder to some benighted of his religious duty; and the finder of a bit of paper is apt to write "Allah be praised!" on it and throw it down, letting the wind carry it tidily, under the guidance of Allah. Then, in spite of all kinds of world changes, the Mohammedan remains a useless religious whose beliefs come before might else. At the same time it would be an awkward thing to have a meticulous Mohammedan street-sweeper . . .

A French peasant told how, in the region from Norway, the Germans were badly battered and torn. They commandeered a village tailor, opened up outside, and all day passed through the shop having garments mended and patched. There was one very young German crying in the front garden; he wanted to desert and go home to his village, where he had been a tailor's boy. "There in my village I was a man," he said, "but here I am nothing . . ."

There was the story, too, of one juvenile soldier who fell into Canadian hands. The Canadians cut the bottoms off his pants, took away his rifle and gave him a sports shirt, and "rewarded" him with a bar of chocolate. "We do not fight boys," they said. For this Nazi hero was but a child . . .

A German travelling in Sweden asked who would win the war, and his Swedish companion shrugged. "I really don't know," he said; "when I see British people they don't ask me that!"

Because of current import difficulties the Government is unable to permit the use of high-grade paper in Australian magazines, except on a few necessary pages. The publishers ask readers to understand this position and give their assurance that pre-war paper quality will be resumed as soon as is practicable.

Bringing up baby—



Bringing up a gift from heaven, where, presumably, the inhabitants pay for peace and quiet—which is why they send the little cherubs down to earth. The arrival of the baby also brings the father down to earth. With the advent of the little man, he begins he's got to wait up till the last foot!



The ideal of bringing up a baby is to create regularly at habit; unfortunately, the baby doesn't understand the system — except one phase of it: he waits up every night of 8 a.m. and starts to cry. At the first small whimper, the father sits restlessly, but after awhile he seems to simulate the kind of sleep he expects his wife will think it a pity to make her out of. (Memo to Editor: I know that's a heavy sentence, but it's simplicity I'm striving for.) But he is fighting a losing battle!

A mother is all Loretta Berger of 8 a clock in the morning. Up you get, sleep—your day has begun. Can't find your slippers? What if it is as cold as a mother-in-law's breath? (It's your child as much as mine—and keep your remarks about my mother to yourself.) Don't give up, yet, you'll get unpleasant after awhile—but you still won't be able to find your slippers at 8 o'clock in the morning. But this is old stuff to the lady, and the moment your feet hit the floor, he starts crying.



Bathing the baby for the first time is a great ceremony; you do it first to prove that honestly your rugged water-bath is self-powered! Next, when you've proved you can do it, you've got yourself a job for life. If you can't bend down the initial step, don't put your soap in the baby's eyes or spill water in one inch depth on the floor.



The first Sunday . . . the day you've planned to Take the Family for a Walk. You wake up shouting

the groom, hoping you'll meet all your friends. The first person you see is the shoeshine boy who's been doing so well with on the door by the time you've reached the end of the block, you're waiting for that O'Reilly kid to ring out "Grip"; you come home the hard way.



One day, after months of non-cooperation, the baby seems to realize that he owes something to the man who for a long time has tended to his needs with remarkable fortitude. There's a complete change in his mental outlook. He's given up, that's what is fact, after all these long weary months of taking after his mother, he begins to develop outstanding characteristics of sympathy, understanding, co-operation and intelligence. In other words, he's getting more like his father every day!

*Train your eye to
see QUALITY!*



**Crusader
CLOTH**
FOR QUALITY SHIRTS

GUARANTEED NEVER TO FADE OR SHRINK!

Cavalcade's FICTION SECTION

What OF TOMORROW?

A. Hausler (Traveller's Lane)

THE chop-chop of hoofbeats approaching along the lonely road came to Doolan's ears. From the direction of the township, a car-light flashed.

He reached over and squeezed the light out of the flickering candle, and sat back on his still-rolled awag. Best not to tell the world there was a "bo" camped under the world's little school-house. Good camps—plenty of water, and, what is more important, shelter! But too open to interference. The cockies thought more of the kids . . .

The horse left the road and the sound of its hoofbeats became muffled in the soft earth.

The sound ceased, and Doolan heard the creak of saddle-strops. "Camie! an, hah! You can't camp here, mate! Jesus! I'll give it away, I think."

Footsteps approached from around the water-tank. Doolan remembered his pushbike leaning against it. "How'd he be if he stumbles over a stone and pushes his hair-face through the front wheel!"

"Hello there!" The voice had a friendly ring to it. Doolan's eyebrow lifted and he pushed his legs out. "One of the friendly ones. Well, well!"

"How're." There was no marked friendliness in his greeting. Let him make the advances.

"Travelin'?" The friendly note persisted.

"Yeah." Because he was young, the youthfulness in the voice attracted Doolan. "Want a bit an' I'll light the light."

The visitor advanced into the small circle of light and squatted down on his heels, his back resting on one of the iron-bark up-rights. "I saw your light from the house—that's our house over in the hallows." He waved his hand curiously. "I thought I'd drop in on my way past."

He was young and had a good enthusiasm for life about him. His eyes were slight with friendliness as he appraised the traveller's equally youthful face. "You seem to be pretty young to be on the track, aren't you?" Doolan laughed shortly, to set his visitor at ease.

"Yeah. Got the itch early."

"Like it?"

Doolan thought of the irresponsible freedom, the compelling lure and countless change of the open road. A wide white road with big gum-trees standing beside it like friends waiting to see him pass. The call of a road, winding up a bar-off hill and disappearing over the crest—to where?

"Yes . . . sure, I like it."

"But there's a hell of a lot you miss, isn't there?" Home and good times with friends . . . and girls and that."

Doolan jerked his head sideways. "Yin—a feller misses all

those things. Misses 'em like all hell sometimes—when something reminds you forcibly of them."

"Like . . .?" The young fellow prompted.

Doolan shrugged his shoulders. "Well—anything—more or less. There's things reminding you of other things all your life, I think. But . . . well, a feller out with a girl! You might pass them on a bridge or somewhere . . . just the two of them. You ride past an' don't look at them, but along the road you think about it. Or somebody stung outside on the lawn of a nice house . . . if you take notice . . . all these things make you a bit restless. He looked sharply at his visitor. "Got a girl, have you?"

The boy smiled and nodded. "I'm just off to see her now. She teaches school here—right here, above our heads."

"Yeah? Knows her long?"

"Only twelve months—just on. We're going to get engaged after I come back from the cane."

Doolan looked at him with new interest. "Cane-cutter, eh?"

"Yeah. Second season." The boy spoke with a short nonchalance about one of the hardest professions in the world. He raised his head slightly as a thought came to him. "Say—are you makin' up there?"

Doolan nodded. "Yeah! I'm makin' up. Try my hand at it.

I haven't pulled the cane into gear yet. But—" he added quickly as all men do when a statement reflects a possible weakness—"I've been on most games . . . hard games. On the beat, an' a bit o' road-buildin' an' cuttin' wood for the beats . . ."

"What beats was that?"

"The wool-barges back along on the old Darling . . ."

A light of recollection was in Doolan's eyes. He was remembering only the good things—the fringe of frost in the air on a winter's morning . . . the feel of a good axe, and the way the dry box chips clean. And at night—waking up, not knowing if it was late or early, and hearing the clug of the "Oscar W"

or the "WFB" far up the river. Lying, half asleep in the warm bunk, waiting for them to come near, hearing the thump, louder and more defined, through the clear, frosty air. Then, when the boat turned into the long, straight reach, the camp would be splashed with clear, hard light from the powerful beam, and the boats would pass in a passion of sound. Doolan recalled all of it, and more, in the short silence following his spoken recollection of those days. He laughed; just a short, quick laugh, with only the slightest trace of egotism in it. "That's the beauty of carryin' the old swing. You get into some good joints . . . interesting . . .

and you are alive then. Acsn't you?"

The farmer's boy turned his head in amazement. His eyes glowed at the implication. "I'd love that life!" he said.

Doolan laughed again. A friendly laugh of comradeship this time. "Yeah . . . but what about your girl? Would you take her on the road with you?"

The boy nodded quickly. "Hell! You're right, too. It seems if you have one thing, you gotta do without the other! No, mate," he said, getting early to his feet. "I'd like the beats an' the wheatfields an' all the other things—but I like my girl better!" He put out his hand. "I'll have to get gone now—she'll be wonderin' where I got to. It's my last night, you see, for a while. I'm happen' all for the cane in the mornin'!"

Doolan took the proffered handshake. "It was good talkin' to you, mate," he said, warmly. "Maybe it's because we are 'round about the same age . . . the same interests or something like that." He stopped in the outer circle of light and shadow. "Good luck, mate," he said. "I might run into you up in the cane . . . somewhere."

He returned to the light and rolled out his blankets, then dozed the candle. For a long time he lay in the soft darkness, listening to the clasp-clap of the horse on the hard road.

"Going to see his girl . . . the



went of her . . . and her hair . . . her skirt . . . plants . . . black . . . right over her thighs. Jesus! . . . and you a bag-mat. Lying under a b—— school for shelter. Like a dog pressed up against a tin fence for protection. . . . Jesus Christ! Her knees. . . . her mouth . . . red lips, clinging. They'd be moist. . . . Get out, feller. . . . while there is time. Get back to the old life and a girl for yourself instead of this. . . ."

The hoofbeats went far away now. Sometimes they would cease altogether, as the rider crossed a soft piece of flat country. Then, for a little while, they would come back clear and clear in the air. Deolan listened; the undulating echoes, muffled and confused, soothing the unrest in his brain. Slowly, the tense lines smoothed out on the young face and he slept. The frogs were croaking in the bog-swamp, where the water lay after the rains, and nearer, in the lung grass, small creatures moved, and the ceaseless crickets shuffled.

Late the next morning, Deolan reached the little township, and rode, careless, down the small main street. A placard suspended over the balcony of the semi-sheltered hotel caught his roving eye.

CAMP-DRAFT BALL!

"Hello, there!" The voice had a friendly ring in it. Deolan's eyebrow's lifted and he perked his lip out. "One of the friendly ones! Well!"

A gaily-coloured poster implying all the glamour and romance, the laughter and tears of a country show-time ball.

The enthusiasm of Youth! It flowed strongly in Deolan. "I'll stay," he said aloud. "Darned if I won't!"

He became suddenly sensitive to the people's stare. Turning the swag-laden push-bike around the hotel corner, he followed a grass-grown road which led—he uncertainly observed—to the river and the camp-site below.

In the warm afternoon sunshine, he spun a coozer—metaphorically — and emerged at dusk that evening a rather well-dressed, very presentable young man-about-town.

He waited until it was quite dark, then left his little bower, in the river's hollow to the keeping of the stars and made his way up the winding road to the dance-ball.

The myriad, lovable sounds of a small town mingled all together in the darkness. A muted purr of an engine somewhere, music from several different radios, a child crying; and the bark of some restless dog, fretful and disturbed, came to Deolan as he walked by the lighted houses. The smell of wet earth and the sound of a falling spray of water emanated from a dark little patch of earth. From another plot, minnows-blown made heavy with secret the still night air.

Before he reached the hall, the orchestra struck up the first waltz.

Young Doolan felt a little upward surge of excitement. How good it was to become one of them! How good to let the throbb of the music thrust out the loneliness—and a girl's laughter . . . to stoop in the excitement. Drink deeply of the love and the laughter and the happiness there and what care you for tomorrow?

He climbed the steps, bent and whispered something in the doorman's ear. He had asked before, for a similar favor. That barrier down, he stepped aside.

A whirling mass of colour ebbed and flowed toward him. The music pulsating, like a heartbeat, through the medley of dancers, caught and whirled him into its hypnotic state. Limpid eyes, brown eyes, blue eyes, dancing eyes lingered on him as they passed. He drew a deep breath of excitement, and became one of the throng.

And Doolan could dance.

Toward midnight, a breeze swung up. It looked about the streets and houses; it wandered through the doors and windows of the back-hall and circled the flushed faces of the dancers. It found a man and a girl in each other's arms, and idly stirred the leaves which made for them a canopy.

The girl lay passive in the

man's embrace. Her filmy, full-skirted muslin gown clung to her slim body. In the half-light, the transparent, satin-smooth finish transformed it into a finer skin.

Her eyes were bright with the moment's magic. An eager-ness to drink of Passion's arm ore it was lost for ever. Love and something more . . . The long eyelashes dropped over the smiling eyes, moist lips parted.

"Kiss me . . . kiss me . . . !"

The slim white arms stole about him. The muslin fell away and a moonbeam kissed her flesh.

Slowly his head drooped toward her. Then, quickly, passionately, his hot lips found her no less eager mouth.

Her body grew taut and strained against him. Through the spider-web delicate lace, he felt the firmness of her breasts. He sensed the wild abandon in her, and the blood in his veins ran thick and hot.

"You beautiful, beautiful girl! You wild angel-creature!"

And then he showered his kisses on her lips, her eyes, her hair and the milk-white hollows of her throat. Overhead, a lady laugh, stirred by the wind, roused gently to and fro, and came between them and the moon.

The beautiful, sad strains of the last old-time waltz drifted to them as they walked slowly to the big black car.

They paused beside the open door. "Please, please stay! Don't go out of my life a moment after you enter it . . . Please!"

"You don't understand, Little Lady. Tomorrow, our little play is ended. 'Love thrives in perfumed darkness.' You will be happier if you do not see me, ever, again!"

"Where are you going?"

The open road was before him. North, south, east or west?

"I'm going north!" he said softly. "North to . . . to Prospero." Any town . . . every town. What does it matter? Prospero comes easily to the tongue . . .

He felt the slim body start. Heard the quick exclamation.

"Why! That is where Eddie's going!"

"Who is Eddie?" he said.

"Oh, he's—er—he's my . . . a friend. A boy I know." She spoke the last words quickly. "He lives near the place where I teach . . . that's all."

"What a silly fellow! Why isn't he with you, Lola?"

"He went away this morning. He's gone to cut cane in the north. But tell me—"

A hand, strained back came into Doolan's face.

"Come to cut cane, huh?" A savage note crept into his voice. "And I suppose the girl he loves is waiting . . . waiting for the day he will return to her?"

He lifted the girl into the

car's warm intimacy and set her gently down among the wraps and eager awaiting there.

Then he swung on his heel and walked briskly down toward the river. The wind had strengthened and was whirling down the wide, open road.

Doolan stopped and turned his face to the north.

"How clean the wind is!" he said aloud. "How long the road." He followed the ribbon of white until it concealed itself in the trees.

"And tomorrow," he said.

"What will tomorrow bring?"

"Must you go?"

"Give me a good reason for staying."

"Don't you get tired of moving around all the time?"

"That isn't a reason."

"Isn't there anyone . . . ?"

Doolan laughed—a harsh sound in the softness of the moment.

"Because I like moving on—there isn't anyone." He stretched, luxuriously, slowly, holding his arms up to the sky. "I'm free. Free as the air."

"Oh . . ." Her voice was formal. Disappointed.

"You'd like to think I'm a romantic? Afraid?" Doolan chuckled. "There are no ties to bind me. No chains that can hold me."

"Aren't you lonely?"

"Sometimes. I can find company."

She sighed plaintively.



Frank S. Greenop (Story-teller)

HIS face, unseen an hour before, quickly became familiar and friendly to us as he sat in the light of the kerosene lamp, eating heartily and gratefully; for a man can eat gratefully, you know.

Rod, who is thirteen, stared uncomittingly at the stranger who had come to us out of the sunset, heralded by the barking of dogs. Rod it was who had gone out first, and had called me to the garden fence.

He wanted, the sandowner said, some hot water for his billy—and a handful of tea if we could spare it. So my wife set

two extra places at the table, and he was quiet while he ate, as I say, gratefully.

Afterwards, when his pipe was full and glowing, and we had taken our cups of black tea out to the cane chairs on the cool verandah, he talked to us, slowly at first, and we listened with the silence of the bush deep and misty all about us.

My wife had told Rod, in a hurried whisper, not to stare so rudely; but in the darkness Rod still stared, I know, and all his boy-spirit was stirred and excited by the man from the open road.

Adventure

WHILE YOUNG



Out in the paddock a horse neighed, and the sound echoed through the huckle hills of the farm, and died to stillness before the visitor said quietly, "That sound . . . that sound."

"That was Toby," Rod said.

"Toby?" queried the man. "A funny thing, that."

"Why?" Rod asked quickly.

"Toby was the horse I rode," the man said; "at least, I found out afterwards he was called Toby. Got me into a deal of trouble, did that horse, and that when I was young—wasn't much older than you are now."

Rod asked questions.

"Well, they always did say the dam was hardly safe," the stranger said. "Hardly safe at all, the way they built it up in the hills there, away from the town. And neglect . . . neglect it was, of course, that did it. Nobody ever gave it the proper attention; I mean, nobody that knew about dams."

"And it was a mighty lucky thing I was walking the roads. Mighty lucky, it was; for I came near to it that night, and I made my camp against a big tree, and walked across the flat in the sundown to get water from that dam."

"I walked across to get water, and there was a funny sound that you'd never expect to hear away out in the bush; a whirring of a machine that was clattering all the time—"

"What was it?" Rod broke in.

"The stranger drew on his pipe.

"It was the pumping system," he said. "I don't rightly understand those things; but there was something about a filter, and a pump that pumped water into the filter for the town supply, and a valve that regulated it. Something like that. And part of the machinery was broken, and it wasn't pumping; it was just gushing, and it didn't need an expert to see how it was going to be when the little filter dam broke: you could see it was going to break, and there, clear below on the flats outside the town, where I stood, I could see the lights in the windows of little houses..."

"You mean they were flooded out?" Rod asked.

Following the arc of the pipe-glow you could tell that the stranger shook his head before his voice went on in the darkness.

"No," he said, "but it could have. I threw my billy down—never got it back, neither—and ran down the hillside to fetch help, and there was the house, grazing. So I vaulted on its back, and started off across

the paddocks bareback—it's a mighty dangerous thing; riding a strange horse bareback, boy."

"It is that," Rod said.

"So I rode it bareback, and of a sudden there's a little squeal on the roadway," the stranger said, and there's a little frightened girl. So I half stopped the horse and I bent down and pulled her up in front of me across the horse's neck.

"The dam's going to flood over and it's dangerous," I explained to her. "You might get washed away, where do you live?"

"That poor little girl was frightened and upset; she was asking a mile too much for me to understand her; but, I figured, I had no time to stop. At the first farmhouse they'd recognise her.

"I rode on quicker than I've ever ridden, boy; and that horse had a great spirit. Here I am, riding the darkness bareback, and this little girl up in front of me asking—no more than seven or eight she would have been.

"The funny thing was, we seemed to come a devil of a way and never strike the lights of one of them houses I'd seen from the rim of the dam. But the view from a hilltop is deceptive in the half-dark; and I kept riding until, round a bend in the road, we came upon the lights of a little town clustered all together.



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"You know how hard it is to judge your way in the dark, boy? Well, I'd missed those outlying farms and over-shot into the main town. And this house was all sweet, and the little girl had stopped sobbing and was pale and frightened, waiting to look into my face; and when she saw the lights she screamed, loud and piercing screams, again and again."

"Then the people started to come out to their doors, and the house ran to a house and stopped, and people came rushing out and grabbed the little girl down from it, and a boy—your about your size he was—came and parted the house. 'Good old Toby,' he said. 'Good old Toby.'"

"And then, boy," the storyteller said, addressing himself to Rod again. "And then I tried to tell them about the dam."

"I could see how it was. I'd missed the farms; the house had made straight for home, which is a natural thing with a house; and the little girl had been missing all afternoon, and there were people out looking for her at the very minute I arrived."

"And boy, when I told them about the dam they just laughed, and they took me into a place—and it was a police station. They said I tried to get off with the little girl, and they were going to lock me up. But when I explained about the dam, and they saw how it all happened, they looked me up while a party of

men went out to the dam in a truck."

"Yes?" Rod's voice was eager.

"Ever been in a police cell?"

The visitor asked the question dramatically, leaving Rod's question go unanswered.

Awed (and a little daunted) at being the subject of such a grown-up enquiry, Rod whispered "No" with lips as round as his eyes.

The stranger laughed. "No, I expect not," he agreed, the pleasantly humorous curves of his face visible in the lamp glow. "I expect not," he repeated. Then, after a suitable pause, he said:

"No nice experience, I can tell you, young man. I think that cell was haunted. Do you know, I couldn't sleep in it. I remembered the stories they used to tell—there was a bushranger in those parts who had been in that cell—"

Rod's breath hissed out. "Gee?" he said.

"Yes," said the encouraged storyteller, "a bushranger, he slept in that cell one night and he was hanged the very next morning! Can you beat that?"

And the electric effect of this grim revelation was broken by a soft, warm chuckle. To Rod that chuckle must have been wonderful, high adventure does not convert in any boy's mind with the compelling grimaces of hanging from a tree. Too much



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hero-worship, too much awe at the gruff, bluff man who could be locked in a hanging cell and come out to laugh again.

"Gee!" Rod repeated.

The stranger relit his pipe. "Perhaps that's why I couldn't sleep," he added.

"But you were scared as—as anything," Rod said. I had a feeling that, if his mother and I had not been there, he would have said scared as "hell."

"Anyway, that was my position," the stranger said, taking up the thread of his story again. And I can assure you I had anything but a comfortable time; you know these little cells are just furnished with a cot you sit on during the day and sleep on at night; they used to say that if the cells were furnished comfortably, too many people would want to go to jail and stay there."

He laughed at his jest; but the boy had no mind for laughter.

"Well, while I was in that cell at the police station I just knew that when they found the trouble at the dam they'd believe me, and then I would be all right."

"And, just enough, that's how it happened."

"And you were *thé* hero?" Rod asked.

The stranger laughed. "I wouldn't call it heroism," he

said simply. "I just saved that town from being washed away, and I just saved that little girl from being drowned or lost in the bush. Many things like that have happened to me on the road . . ."

"Will you tell us another?" Rod interrupted.

But my wife said it was bedtime, and, after Rod had gone to bed, the stranger just laughed and said, "I guess I made it pretty strong, didn't I? But kids love those far-fetched yarns. Especially if there's a horse in them."

I got up. "Yes," I said, "kids love those yarns." I felt friendly and grateful to the stranger for thinking of the boy.

And in the morning the stranger was still asleep in the barn, on the warm straw there, when I found Rod's little note on the pillow. It just said: "Dad and Mom—I love you and I hate to leave you, but I've just got to be a sundowner and have adventures before I'm too old."

Simple as that it was, fifteen years ago; and never a word since until the telegram today telling us, after so long, that he's been a prisoner of war in Germany, and is safely back in London.

So he's found his adventures; and, having received that telegram, it seems certain that we will see him again, after all.

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★ The Decision of Sister

IN a corner of her cage, Sister Pearl gnawed a bone and waited for Bates to come. It was almost the time of day when the lion-tamer cracked his whip and told them to stand on the little coloured barrels.

Sister Pearl enjoyed the tricks,

She was ashamed of the other lions — Paddy, Sandy and Sarah, who grumbled and growled when Bates cracked his whip and told them to stand on the little coloured barrels.

Of course, it was quite in order to grumble and growl sometimes. Bates liked his cats

Pearl ☆☆☆

Betty Lee

to look ferocious. But snarls that were meant for the trainer himself were another matter. Sister Pearl lifted her big head and sniffed the familiar scent of Bates as he banged the door of his caravan and came through the circus compound.



He stopped first at Sandy's cage. Sandy got to his feet, lashing his tail and roaring. Bates laughed, and rattled a stick across the bars of the cage.

Sister Pearl watched the corner coming closer. He pressed his face against the cold iron and whispered to her, "Hello there, Sister."

Her yellow eyes blinked at him. Then she lifted a massive paw and patted his face. "Ready for work?" he enquired. And she rolled over on her back and loudly purred.

Bates laughed appreciatively. "You know what, old girl?" he murmured into the cage. "We've got to cook up a new act. The boss is tired of the old one."

Sister Pearl rolled back and looked at him intently.

"People are getting sick of watching you cats jumping through hoops and sitting on barrels. We've got to think of something new. What do you suggest?"

She was puzzled on his tone. But she knew he expected sympathy. So she stroked his face again.

That day, in the practising, the cats were particularly temperamental. Paddy saulked in a corner and refused to come out, until the tamer's whip-dicked his sensitive hide. Then he crouched on his red nose, snarling and wrinkling his massive mouth.

Bates ordered Sandy, Sarah and Paddy to sit on their perches, and brought Sister Pearl to the middle of the ring.

He turned his whip around and tapped its butt under her chin.

"Open your mouth, Sister," he ordered. But Sister Pearl gazed at him in surprise. Looking down at his hands, she saw no signs of tithers, or even medicine. The order was senseless, but she slowly opened her great jaws and just as slowly closed them again.

Bates sighed. To hell with the new act. He knew that he would be wise doing the "head-in-the-lion's-mouth" act with Sister Pearl, but he always had a feeling that, in doing it, lions were going against their natural instincts.

In the quietness of the empty circus-tent, Silver, the proprietor of the show, stopped to watch the lion-act. He chewed on his tooth sticks, and peered through the bars of the cage.

"What's the new act?"

Bates ordered Sister Pearl back to her barrel. "I'm thinking of doing the old 'head-in-the-mouth' act."

Silver nodded. "It's been done before," he said, "but it would go if you can trust your cat. Which is it? Sister Pearl?"

"Yes. I think she'll understand. Lions are like humans, you know, Mr. Silver. Just as temperamental, and just as un-

predictable. If you treat them like humans, they'll understand you."

Silver grinned. "You do the meeting. That's what I pay you for. I like the idea. We open in town next week, and I want to put it on the programme."

"Next week?"

"Why not? Do you think you can do it?"

"I can try."

"Well, can you, or can't you? I've got to have the posters printed."

Bates hesitated for a moment, then he said: "O.K.—I'll have the act ready. Can I have extra practice-time?"

Silver moved towards the cage. "Sure—I'll arrange it."

After he had gone, Bates put the other three lions back in their cages and sat on a chair beside Sister Pearl. Old Knickerbocker Joe, who had taught Bates all he knew about lion-taming, had said that the first principle to remember in training lions was that they had feelings—the same as everybody.

Bates had always remembered that. So he began to talk to Sister Pearl, quietly and intimately.

"You might think this is damned funny," he said. "As a matter of fact, it is. It's silly to take you cats away from the open air and make you jump around a circular ring. Don't ask me why it is so. All I

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sparkling
teeth . . .

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know is that both of us earn our living this way."

Sister Pearl nodded her head as though she knew that Bates was serious about something.

Bates went on: "Now, I know if I put my hand inside your open mouth you won't like it much. I don't blame you for that. I wouldn't like it either. It's natural for you to swallow anything you have between your jaws. You'll probably want to swallow me. What I have to impress on you is, that I can't be swallowed. Not if we're to keep on earning our living together. Understood?"

Sister Pearl looked gravely back at him. She knew that this man sitting before her was an exceptional man. Other men were irritating and misunderstanding. They did not realize that their voices could soothe. Other men shouted—but this man was exceptional. Yet even he could be puzzling. This business about opening her mouth. Perhaps he wanted to look at her teeth. Yes, that was it. She remembered the time she used to make a long time ago, about showing her teeth. Now she could do it without complaining.

And so, when Bates tapped her under the chin again with the butt of his whip, she opened her mouth immediately.

For a moment, she felt a swelling pride at her achievement, and then she was puzzled again. This time, Bates laid

his arm across her teeth and held it there.

He was saying: "This is not for you to swallow. It is just a part of me—to my voice is. If you bite it off, you will also destroy me."

Her tongue quivering, the lion held her mouth rigid. She was annoyed, at Bates for asking her to do such a thing. Yet, she did not dare to shut her teeth for fear of hurting him.

"Make you feel mad, doesn't it?" Bates was whispering. "You've never had to do anything like it before. Now do you think you could stand my head in there?"

His voice was calm. Inwardly, he felt himself shivering. He took away his arm, and let the lioness close her mouth for a moment. Then he tapped her chin again and brought his face level with her teeth.

He felt her breath coming in hot little spurts. She was panting. As his forehead passed carefully over her bottom teeth, he could feel the steam rising from his tongue.

It was very quick. Only a matter of a few moments. Then he sat on the chair, facing her.

Sister Pearl shivered. She felt irritated, and also a little sick. The man's behavior was quite unnecessary. Her mind struggled between loyalty for the trainer and a new longing for him.

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(1)

He was talking again. Under the influence of his voice, her ruffled nerves were calmed. He talked on and on, until she shifted a little in impatience. Then he let her go into her cage again.

That night, after the show, he accepted Skinsie the Skeleton Man's invitation to coffee.

He felt elated at the success of the day's experiment. "I've never done it before, you know," he confided to the thin showman. "Knickerbocker used to do the act with an old lion with no teeth. He wouldn't have hurt, even if he had decided to chew. Now, Sister Pearl looks ferocious—if you don't know her. She sat there like a rock."

Skinsie was always pessimistic. "Over hear of the tight-rope lion?"

Bates hadn't.

Skinsie continued: "Fanny used to do an act. The lion used to walk across a tight-rope with a man on its back."

"No?"

"Sure! He used to say it was safer that way. He was too scared to walk across by himself. The act went off all right—till the lion got dizzy one night!"

"Fall?"

"All the way. Never did trust him."

"What do you think of the idea with Sister Pearl?"

"Emotional—if you can get away with it!"

"Don't you worry about that," said Bates. "Just treat them like humans. That's my motto."

Silver's Circus opened in town with all the pomp and colour the Company could muster. As usual, they had a Grand Procession down the main street, which disrupted the traffic and delighted all the small boys in town, who attached themselves to the parade.

The lions hated the fuss, and showed their disapproval by roaring and spitting at the crowds. Silver was pleased at their temper. It lent a thrill to the item on the new poster—"Man puts his head in Lioness's Mouth."

Bates rode on a horse behind the lion cages and hoped that the excitement would not jangle Sister Pearl's nerves for the performance that night.

In her cage, the lioness glared through the bars, and hated the noise and the humans with loud voices. She felt her hair rising on her neck as some boys shouted at her. Then she lifted her head and roared.

As usual on first nights, the circus-stand was packed. Silver poked his top-hatted head around an awning and watched the people filling the plankled seats. Out front, he could hear the jingle of money in the cashier's cubby-house. Some boys were trying to crawl under the tent, and he brought them

out by the scruff of their necks and put them out the gate.

The Fat Lady puffed past him, grinning as usual, and the trapeze artists waited ready by the opening to the ring, for they were first on the programme. Then he picked up his whip and strode into the Big Top. Bates heard the roar of the crowd as he stood by Sister Pearl's cage. The audience was cheering the Ring Master.

"This is our big night," he whispered to the lioness. "Remember all I told you. There's no need to get mad just because you feel my head in your mouth. It's only for a moment."

In the ring, the attendants were already setting up the sides of the lion's cage. Bates took off his old serge coat, threw it across the wheel of a caravan and walked into the marquee.

Silver was saying: "Laden and gentleman . . . presenting for the first time, one of the most sensational acts of all time—Sergei Bates and his performing lions, featuring a fearless attempt to cheat death, by inserting his head into the mouth of a full-grown, man-eating lioness."

The band struck up a march, and Bates came into the ring and bowed to the audience. He picked up his whip, chair, and blank-loaded revolver and opened the door to the cage.

First, he put the cats through their routine tricks—jumping

through flaming hoops, building a living pyramid, and catching balls. The audience applauded. Then, at a signal the band's drummer began to rattle his kettle-drum. The audience grew hushed. Everyone could hear Bates' low voice as he called Sister Pearl from her barrel. The lioness padded into the middle of the ring and stood waiting. There was an anxiety in her yellow eyes as she looked up at him.

Bates fell to his knees before her.

It was after his head had passed her teeth that a woman in the audience screamed. The fright flickered around the crowd like an electric current. Some men were shouting, "Don't be frightened—don't be frightened!"

The lioness shivered at the sudden uproar. She twitched her ears, and the sweating camer felt her tongue life from the bottom of her mouth and rasp across his face.

The drummer was still rattling his kettle drum when Sister Pearl made her momentous decision. Somewhere behind her eyes, there was a scree of guilt at her disobedience, but even more overwhelming was the realization of what she must do.

Bates tried desperately to draw his head to safety, but as the audience shrieked in horror, Sister Pearl firmly crushed her jaws together.



Soup For Supper

Marion Dreyer (Entertainment)

ANDY signed for the telegram, went through the house, and pounded on the bathroom door.

Dec shouted back uninterestedly. After a moment, she turned the shower off.

"Can't I have a shower in peace?" she complained. "What have you lost now?"

"I haven't lost anything," said Andy. "There's a telegram for you."

"Oh," said Dec, doing a double take. "Oh. Wait a minute." She groped behind the door for a towel, and stood with it draped around her while she turned the telegram over and over.

"Now, I wonder who it's from?" she pondered half a dozen times.

"Open it—that's the easiest way to find out," said Andy.

"I wasn't expecting a telegram. Now, I wonder . . ." Eventually, she got around to ripping open the envelope and reading the message.

"Oh, my God!" she said, and read it again. "Oh, Andy—what are we going to do?"

Andy swore impatiently. "What's happened?" He held his hand out for the telegram, but Dec kept on looking blankly at it and mumbling.

"Stop that 'Oh, my godding' and show me," said Andy. Finally, he snatched it out of her hand and read it. "Arriving eight o'clock by train stop can you put me up for night stop Aunt Lydia."

"Aunt Lydia?" he said, doubtfully.

"Yes. What are we going to do?"

"The Aunt Lydia?"

"Of course, stupid. How many Aunt Lydia's do you think I've got?"

"The one with all the money?"

Dec, drying herself with an incredible speed and inaccuracy, nodded. "The Aunt Lydia who gave us that large cheque for a wedding present."

Dec sprinted nakedly into the bedroom. "That's what she said in the will." She was dressing quickly. "Eight o'clock train—it's now half past six."

Andy came out of his trance. "Do you want me to meet her?"

"Yes. But, listen, you've got to help me clean up. Look at the place."

Andy snatched a broom and started to sweep, only to have Dec shriek upon him.

"What?" she snapped. "Go upstairs and get the vic. back from Judy. And hurry!"

By the time he got back, Dee was whirling around the floor, throwing things haphazardly into drawers and cupboards, shimmering from room to room like a startled prawn.

Andy, shaken out of his usual casual approach to the cleaning problem, obligingly ran the duster over the rug and couch. Empty garbage. Hid away the latest magazines.

"Aunt Lydia's a darling," explained Dee as she raced from room to room. "A bit narrow-minded, but thinks the world of me."

Andy nodded, and removed a couple of his pin-ups from the bedroom door.

"Where's she going to sleep?"

Dee thought hard. "Well, she's only a tiny handful—we'll fix her up on the couch."

"Then," said Andy. "You'll have to move it, because the radio next door is awfully loud if you're sitting on the couch."

Dee nodded in agreement. By the time they had finished, the whole room had been changed around and redecorated.

"You know what—I like it better this way, I think," said Dee.

"You'd better—we haven't got time to move it round any other way!" said Andy, wiping his face. "There, dear," he added, as an afterthought. "What are we going to give her to eat?"

Dee sank on to the lounge

and clutched her brow dramatically, giving little anguished moans.

"Darling, I hadn't thought of it."

"Suppose you think?"

Dee mumbled to herself. "I can't get too much," she said at last. "The blasted 'fridge has broken down again. I can't keep anything. How much money have you got?"

Andy pulled out a handful of assorted small change.

"That's all I've got. About sixteen bob."

Dee rummaged in her purse. "I've got a quid somewhere," she said. "Darling, all the shops will be shut. I've forgotten that."

"Joe will let me in the back way if I knock," said Andy helpfully. "I could get you something there."

"But I haven't got any coupons left for this week," said Dee, worriedly. "That's why we ate out tonight. I didn't have any more coupons."

"Now, listen, dear," said Andy. "Sit down for a moment and we'll try and see some way out of this."

Dee waved her hands at him. "Sit down?" she said. "She'll be here in an hour."

"I can leave here at quarter to eight and be at the station in time to meet the train," said Andy.

Dee crouched down in front of the kitchen cabinet. "Two



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egg," she announced. "One tin of tomato soup that I've been saving up for a special occasion."

Andy came over and made his own inventory.

"What's this?" he asked, producing a mossy green something on a plate.

Dee smiled with relief. "So that's where those carrots got to," she said. "You know, I couldn't think what I did—Andy, where are you putting them?"

"In the garbage," he said grimly. "What else have you got hidden away there?"

Dee found a few pieces of spaghetti, a spotty cushion of bacon, a few pieces of bread and the bag-end of a jar of jam.

"And that's all we have in the house, except breakfast food and tea and sugar," she said. "I'm an awful housekeeper, aren't I?"

Andy agreed in no uncertain language. "But," he soothed her, "I didn't marry you to keep house."

Dee smiled prettily at him. "That, my dear, doesn't alter the question—what are we going to give Aunt Lydia to eat?"

Andy squatted back and rubbed his nose. "Couldn't you borrow something?"

Dee squealed suddenly. "I know," she said. "I know."

Andy picked himself up from the floor. "Must you scream like that?" he said.

"Darling, did you hurt your-

self? I meant, I know what I can do. You go in and meet Aunt Lydia. I'll go up to Judy. She's got lachings of tinned stuff—besides, she knows where I can get things . . ."

"What sort of things?"
"Oh, you know, chicken and duckling and things like that. Go on, darling, do get dressed, and hurry up."

She pushed him into the bath room, and slammed the door on him. Andy always took a while to get dressed, so that it was half past seven before she could push him out the front door with last-minute instructions on how to recognize Aunt Lydia.

Dee looked around the flat, glowing in patches from its recent fiery onset over. She wished she had known about Aunt Lydia, because there really hadn't been time to do the place out properly. Still . . . and she shrugged her shoulders . . . she couldn't manage everything in the house and in the office, too!

She went upstairs to Judy's flat. Judy had the beginnings of a party.

"Look, everyone, here's Dee!" she shouted. "Darling, why didn't Andy come, too?"

"I haven't come, really," Dee screamed back. "I've come borrowing. Andy's gone to meet my aunt. She's staying the night. And I'm caught without a bit to eat in the place. Judy, be a darling and help me out!"

Judy obligingly opened up her

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cupboard. "My poor lamb," she said. "You're just too late. This horse descended on me half an hour ago. Every scrap of food I had is gone . . ." And she waved her hand in the direction of a table of sandwiches and sweets.

Dee felt her knees sagging. "But I've got to get something for Aunt Lydia," she said, anxiously. "Judy, you know this place pretty well—where can I buy things? If I had enough eggs I could make some omelette, but I haven't enough egg . . ."

The party roared with appreciation. Dee sniffed. "It's all very well for you," she said. "This is my aunt. And she wants to stay the night. I've got to feed her."

Judy looked her guests over. "Toby," she squealed. "Toby. Detach yourself from Joan. Take this poor child around to Luigi's. Tell him she's a friend of mine—and that he's got to give her anything he's got that she wants."

"You're a pal," said Dee.

Judy waved her maid. Dee and Toby got as far as the door when Judy made a run towards them.

"Darling," she whispered at Dee. "I haven't got enough glasses for this mob. Can you help out?"

"I've only got my crystal ones left," said Dee, promptly, and then weakened. "But, of course,

you're welcome to those, darling. You will be careful, won't you—I can't replace them."

"Of course," shrieked Judy.

Dee sighed half a dozen times going down the stairs. She knew what happened when Judy borrowed things. Either they didn't come back, or came back in pieces. Look at the vase. Look at the books. Look at . . . She stopped thinking about it. Something had to be sacrificed to feed Aunt Lydia.

Luigi had eggs. Luigi had steak . . . and bacon . . . and tinned asparagus . . .

She bought recklessly. Tins of this. Tins of something else. Steak and bacon and eggs and others . . . She borrowed from Toby when she found out what the bill was.

But getting the stuff home was a major transportation project. Finally, she bought a paper bag with string handles, loaded all the food in and they started off.

By this time, it was almost eight o'clock, and rainings not enough to be a good downpour, but enough to make the street grimy.

Dee's conscience was nipping her back. Never before had she seen so many policemen in the street. Never before had they looked at her so intently. She pulled Toby's arm.

"Do hurry," she whispered, nervously. "I'm sure the police must suspect something. Look

at all of them—I've never seen so many in this place before."

Toby looked back furtively. "There do seem to be a lot, don't there?" He looked sideways. "We'd better not hurry. Let's walk along as though we don't see them. Laugh. Pretend we're just out for a walk. Forget this."

Dee laughed. She tried the second time, but all she could manage was a hoarse creak. She tried to act casually, but all the time the little claws of fear scratched her shoulder.

Outside the entrance to the flats, she made an effort to pretend that nothing was on her conscience. She remembered how she used to swing her hands when she wanted to pretend she hadn't wagged it from school . . .

Only, the paper in the bag wasn't built for such a load. Nor was the string handles calculated to take the stress of swinging. She swung the bag up fairly high, and it happened . . .

Three of the eggs didn't break. Neither did the tins of stuff. The steak dislodged off the side of the wall into the gutter. A stray dog sniffed at it, and then frantically barked up the street with two pounds of hot steak dragging along the ground, Toby in hot pursuit.

When he came back, holding the steak limply in his hand, Dee was sitting in the middle of the wreckage, trying to hold back hysteria.

"You can wash it," said Toby, offering her the soaked steak. "Nobody'll know what happened."

That was the spark to the fuse of Dee's hysteria. She sat on the edge of the footpath and laughed until she cried. Toby sat down beside her and laughed.

When they stopped laughing, Dee picked up the steak and the eggs remaining intact, the tins of food and the bacon. The dog was still leaping around, wagging his whole body ingratiatingly, and tentatively licking the remains of egg on the footpath.

Dee looked at the steak. "I don't fancy eating it," she said. "Not after the dog's had it."

Toby looked at the dog. "Seems pretty hungry, don't you think?"

Dee agreed. "Might as well let him have it," she said, as she tossed the steak at the dog, who sniffed suspiciously for a moment, and then raced down the street with this gift from the gods.

"That's that," she said, when Toby took her inside. "Thanks for coming."

"Pleasure to help," said Toby. "Sorry about the accident."

Dee giggled weakly. "It's the sort of thing that always happens to me," she said, shutting the door by way of a gesture, and then opening it to shout out thanks and goodbyes.

She had hardly unpacked when Andy and Aunt Lydia came in. Dec was kissed and patted by an oddly strange-looking Aunt Lydia.

"Now, Annie," said Dec, when the business of disrobing the outer coating of Aunt Lydia's coat had been finished. "What would you like for dinner?"

Andy flinched, and then opened his eyes widely in surprise. Dec was reading off something like a menu.

"Tomato soup? Eggs?"

"Now, don't you go to any trouble, dear," said Aunt Lydia, "Just a cup of soup will do me nicely."

"But, Annie, you need more than soup after your trip."

"Soup is all I need, dear," insisted Aunt Lydia. Then, coming closer, she whispered to Dec. "You see, I broke my upper denture. That's why I can't chew. And I can't eat solids. Soup is just the thing..."

The only words which can equal the impression created by this pronouncement are the death sentence and declarations of war. But Dec's biggest worry was Andy, for Andy, standing astride in the doorway, started to laugh, tried to strangle it, and produced a very strange sound indeed.



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